

ADVENTURES OF QUI HUI IN HINDOSTAN 1315

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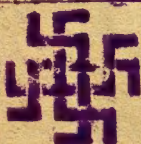


The
GRAND MASTER
or Adventures of
QUI HIO
in
HINDOSTAN.
A
Hudibrastic Poem
in
Eight Cantos
by
QUIZ.
Illustrated with Engravings
by
ROWLANDSON.

London.
Printed by Thomas Jegg,
N^o. III, Cheapside.

1816.





INDIRA GANDHI
NATIONAL CENTRE
FOR THE ARTS

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Indira Gandhi National
Centre for the Arts

P R E F A C E.

~~~~~  
READER,

SOME time ago, when *fish* could fly,

And leave the sea to soar on high—

Would mount into the air, and then

Would tumble headlong—back again,

It happen'd that a certain *ship*,

To distant India made *a trip*;

And *least* an enemy she'd meet,

*Some other* ships compos'd *a fleet*—

'Twas off the Cape, *where winds prevail*,

They were encounter'd by a gale.

The boatswain call'd the sailors out,—

Perhaps to put the ship about,

To furl the *sails*, or, *to be brief*,

~~H~~ might have call'd them out to reef.

The light'ning darted thro' the clouds,

Illuminating all the shrouds,



And to the mind could well convey,  
The horrors of a raging sea;  
Then, as it were to veil the sight,  
Darkness once more pervades the night.—  
A sailor station'd at the wheel,  
Receiv'd a blow that made him reel;  
The fellow, stupid as a post,  
Believ'd in truth, it was a ghost!  
For sailors, *whatsoe'er their merit*,  
Will none of them attack *a spirit*.\*  
The tar, then walk'd across the deck,  
Swearing he'd "break the rascal's neck ;  
But fearful for the *Fiend* to wait,  
He thus address'd the *fourteenth* mate :  
" To catch the fellow how I wish,"  
And, groping, caught *a—flying fish*.  
Not Brutus look'd with more surprise,  
When he saw *Cæsar's* ghost arise :  
Not with more dread did *Macbeth* stare,  
When he saw *Bancho* in the chair :  
Not with more fear did Frenchmen meet,  
*Lord Nelson* and the British fleet ;

\* Unless it appears in the shape of a glass of grog!



# PREFACE.

Nor with more horror and dismay,  
 Did *Bony* contemplate the sea,  
 When with a face devoid of smile,  
 He first embark'd for Elba's isle ;  
 Nor since, when he had cause to rue,  
*The dreadful day of Waterloo ;—*  
 Nor the astonish'd speaker star'd,  
 When lately mad C——e appear'd,  
 To shew the house, 'spite of their rail'ry,  
 That he had just escap'd the pillory ;  
 And took his seat among them all,  
 Squir'd by the knight of *Donegal*.  
 When certain members with surprise,  
 Cautiously shut their *precious* eyes,  
 To guard themselves—('twas right enough,)  
 From the effects of fatal *snuff*\*—  
 Than look'd the sailor, when he found,  
 The *thing* that struck him to the ground.  
 Down to the steerage does he go,  
 To shew the gentlemen—the *show*.  
 An Irishman soon pass'd the word,—  
 “ *A flying dolphin* by the Lord.”

\* *Scotch snuff* is considered the most pungent.



All star'd; and some most stoutly swore,  
 They ne'er saw fish with wings before;  
 Some claim'd his head and some a fin,  
 Another wish'd to stuff his skin;  
 And one—but we'll conceal his name,—  
 Said he had come the *wings* to claim;  
 And then he instantly begins,  
 To cut off the poor devil's fins.  
 We've heard it said, in *days of yore*,  
 Things spoke that never spoke before;  
 Asses, and mules, and *things infernal*,  
 And reader, I have known a *Colonel*,  
 Could speak, tho' in a human shape,  
 With soul, that might adorn an ape.  
 If such is truth, what wonder now,  
 That we the privilege allow.  
 "Stop," said the fish, "till you have heard,  
 "The reason that I came on board;  
 "'Tis not for *pleasure* that I roam;  
 "I'm on my *cheapest passage home*;"\*

\* We fancy the unfortunate *flying fish* had not 1500  
 or 2000 rupees to spare, and could not be a *cuddy*  
*passenger*.—A SUBALTERN.



And added with a piteous sigh,  
 " I'm all that's left of poor QUI HI !  
 " For twelve long years in Indian wars,  
 " I gain'd *misfortunes*, and *some scars* ;  
 " Lost both my health, and all my money,  
 " And died at last with *brandy pauny*.\*  
 " *A Bramin*, much against my wish,  
 " Transform'd me to a *flying fish* ;  
 " I thus from India did escape,  
 " And almost safely reach'd the Cape ;  
 " When from a *shoal* of *sharks* I flew,  
 " On board of ship—and came to you,  
 " So save my life, and throw me over,  
 " "Till I again can land discover."—  
 But this appeal was made too late,  
 The *fish* had met its *destin'd fate* ;  
 The wings cut off and plac'd secure,  
 Close behind Quetz's cabin door.

\* A universal antidote for every evil in the East  
 Indies—two or three bottles of which taken every  
 day for a month will bury all troubles in *Oblivion*—  
 QUIZ.





On deck the lifeless body lay,  
 And QUI HI's spirit flew away;  
 But 'ere he went he sung in verse,  
 The subject that I *shall* rehearse;  
 And for a motto too to grace it,  
 He said—" *Qui capit ille fecit.*"

## QUIZ.

LONDON,

FEBRUARY 1, 1816.





# INVOCATION

**BUTLER.**

IMMORTAL shade of Hudibras,

The muse, a novice yet, alas!

Now prays thy kind protection;

Decend then, with a spark of thine,

And fix it on this *quill* of mine,

'Twill answer to perfection,

What pity, in this curious age,

That Hudibras has left the stage,

*His talents* might be wanted;

For surely satire's pointed pen

Was ne'er required by viler men,

Than *those* the muse has painted,

If *honor's* dictates can't prevail,

And *human laws* deficient fail,

To cause their reformation;

In mercy let the muse aspire,

To thy extinguish'd attic fire,

And shew them to the nation.





Folly or vice, if *far* or *near*,

Deserve a scourge—devoid of fear;

And *this* shall now be given :

Nor vice, or ermin'd, or in crape,

Shall Quiz's *pickled lash* \* escape,

And this I vow to heaven !

But while contempt to *some* belong,

Let me not mix in such a throng,

The virtuous and deserving :

For *honor*, well I know, is found

In *certain* breasts on Indian ground,

Tho' merit there is starving !

Then, dearest bard ! at once comply,

And let the champion of QUI H !

Succeed in this endeavour.

While in this scurvy world he lives,

His word of honor now he gives,

To be thy friend for ever.

\* Alluding to the vulgar phrase of "a rod in pickle."



THE  
GRAND MASTER;

OR, ADVENTURES OF

QUI HI?

---

CANTO I.

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ARGUMENT,

The *Anno Domini* left out,  
The fear of making *people* pout,  
The hero of the tale appears,  
Leaving his dad and mam in tears.

The boy would almost seem a fool,  
For he has only come from school,  
And, like most other *graceless chaps*,  
Is glad to quit both *books* and *raps*.  
His *kit's* pack'd up, and off he's set  
• To try his fortune—a cadet.



On board of ship, without a friend,  
 He takes a view of the *land's end* ;  
 A place,—and what a luckless *boze*,—  
 He's doom'd to visit never more.  
 Some anecdotes about a ship,  
 Peculiar to an Indian trip ;  
 Some people tickled, but not sore ;  
 Perhaps 'twould make the *asses* roar.  
 The author, but not thro' derision,  
 Describes a very curious vision ;  
 And, for the reader's information,  
 Some *ladies* sent on speculation,  
 A precious school for female morals !  
*Gimlet-holes—love intrigues—and gen'ral's* !  
 Of conduct, if in heav'n or hell done,  
 And by commanders bad or well done ;  
 The eccentricity of sailors,  
 'Gainst which my readers can't be railers ;  
 Nor will they once attempt to rail  
 Against some pictures in a gale.  
 Something, of course, I here should mention  
 Of *St. Helena and Ascension* ;  
 At Cape-Town, Hottentots, and sheep,  
 Our readers also have a peep ;  
 A view of Saugar and of Hugely,  
 Of Hindoo customs, rare, but ugly ;  
 And to complete the argument,  
 The passengers on shore are sent.



I WHISTLE, for I cannot sing,  
 About a youth who serv'd the King ;  
 Or, should it *certain people* please,  
 He serv'd *the men* who deal in *cheese*,  
 And in the year (call it a blank)  
 Was old enough to try for rank ;



And who, like modern men of letters,  
Endeavour'd hard to break his fetters;  
For school-boy's thought, like merit, tends  
To burst their bonds, and gain their ends.  
And where's the cynic that will grin  
At youth aspiring praise to win?  
The lad, at fifteen years of age,  
Mounts on the world's old crazy stage,  
Unconscious that a single error  
May send him to the ground with terror.  
Alas! the *eastern* way to fame  
Depends on *int'rest* more than *name*.  
Passive obedience under wrongs,  
'Tis thought, to subalterns belongs.  
The tyro now must try and hide  
The slightest mark of native pride,  
To all indignities submit—  
An ass, in fact, with curb and bit.  
But who can stoop with such devotion  
To dogs in office for promotion?  
The youth, while tears run down his face,  
Gives *pour-mama* a last embrace,  
Receives some hints for his instruction,  
A letter, too, of introduction.  
A trunk contains his goods and chattels,  
With sundry plans of Indian battles;  
For he may yet, *in time to come*, be  
Another Clive or Abercrombie;



Or, like some folks, which I could name,  
Aspire by other roads to fame;  
Crawl after men of higher quality,  
Through *wicket* of the Admiralty;  
And be like some one dubb'd a "Sir"—  
"Sir Nipcheese or Sir Vinegar."

Whate'er our hero's hopes had been,  
But little of the world he'd seen.  
The world was honest, he believ'd:  
He soon had cause to be deceiv'd.  
It was the height of his ambition  
To gain, in India, a commission:  
What pity that his mother's wishes  
Could not procure him loaves and fishes!  
Embark'd, the anchor's weigh'd, in night  
Sinks England from his anxious sight;  
Yet while the evening gleam displays  
The glorious mistress of the seas,  
He vows his heart is center'd there,  
And thus addresses Heav'n in pray'r—

"O THOU who guard'st my country's shore,  
"Thy benediction I implore!  
"Upon my happy native land,  
"May she all Europe's arms withstand,  
"Keep France and *Jonathan*\* in awe,  
"And rule the world by British law.

\* America.



" Next, for myself, I fervent pray,  
 " That, on some *future* happy day,  
 " Should I perchance escape "*that bourn*,"  
 " From whence no trav'ler must return,  
 " I'd find her prosperous and great.  
 " And now—to make my pray'r complete—  
 " O, curse! sincerely curse, those elves  
 " Who dupe a Prince to serve themselves!  
 " Who, ignorant of a good name,  
 " Attempt to injure others' fame,  
 " And with impunity succeed,  
 " Tho' infamous in word and deed!  
 " All such who aim at Merit's fall,  
 " May Heav'n, in justice, curse them all!"  
 So *pious* an ejaculation,  
 Made for the good of Britain's nation,  
 Will, it is hop'd, be thought sincere—  
 As such it is recorded here;  
 And there is very little doubt  
 Our hero meant to be devout!  
 The land, receding from his view,  
 Now dim and more imperfect grew:  
 Still he believ'd (and he was right)  
 That *England* was not out of sight;  
 For ev'ry drop of Ocean shews  
 The tribute it to Britain owes;  
 And I believe that it is meant  
 England should farm *the whole extent*;



For 'tis a maxim I hold true,  
To keep my native land in view;  
The rallying point from wrongs or grief;  
The seat of mercy and relief.  
Here retributive justice tends  
To shew us enemies from friends,  
Holds petty tyrants up to view,<sup>e</sup>  
And sends to infamy the crew.  
O that the fate of some *old Wall* \*  
Might now take place, and crush them all;  
Whether at Newgate, or in France,  
On nothing I would see them dance.

Nought circumscribes our hero's view,  
Save British ocean's naval blue;  
A wide extent of sea and sky  
Marks the wild progress of his eye:  
Enough—he's tir'd of thoughtful study,  
And enters first the narrow *cuddy*.  
Perhaps my readers wish to hear  
The sounds that now assail'd their ear,  
Or that the Muse should just disclose  
The kind of beings that compose  
Our youth's society; and I  
Shall thus disclose this Margate hoy.

\* Does the author mean the tumbling of some old wall; or does he allude to a late *governor* of that name, of African celebrity?—ED.



The bustle on the deck, 'tis true,  
 Between the officers and crew,  
 Was great indeed. One *genius* cries—  
 “Go set those royals, d—— your eyes!  
 “You boatswain! I shall stop your grog;  
 “And those fore-top-men I shall flog.  
 “You lubber! see the Commodore  
 ‘With royals set an hour before.  
 “By heav’n ’tis shameful to be seen!  
 “We look like the Bombay marine.  
 “Secure that anchor, forward there,  
 “Such dogs would make a parson swear,  
 “You fellow, b—t you, at the wheel,  
 “If I come up I’ll make you feel.  
 “Why are you blind? d—n you, steer large,  
 “You’ll yet aboard of that *coal barge*.  
 “Now how’s her head? north-west by west:  
 “You, sir! go take away that chest:  
 “Put all the people’s baggage here:  
 “That rascal don’t know how to steer!  
 “See what that signal is, you ass!  
 “Why, were the d—l is the glass?  
 “’Tis number sixty-five—a wig—  
 “O d—n the number! man the gig.  
 “Where is the skipper?—heave the lead,—  
 “He’s sitting with Miss Gingerbread.

\* No allusion, of course, is made to any *particular* ship.



" Go tell him—but, avast ! I'll go,  
 " And, curse me, but I'll stay below.  
 " Call Mr. Harpoon—'tis his watch,  
 " The fellow now has got his match ;  
 " No chief-mate living humbugs me ;  
 " I've all my life-time been at sea ;  
 " If Mr. Harpoon, or such lubbers,  
 " Play bowls with me, they'll meet with rubbers ;  
 " So bear a hand, and call him here—  
 " You, Sir ! go overhaul that geer,  
 " And set the signal hallyards clear."

Thus spoke a thing, " yclep'd a mate,"—  
*An officer, at any rate ;*

A puny milk-in-water elf,  
 Scarce able to protect himself ;  
 But who, like most of his superiors,  
 Trod under foot (of course) inferiors :  
 In fact, a specimen of folly,

*A semi-ver, a mere Miss Molly.*

"Tis natural that *such a figure,*

Devoid of spirit as of vigour,  
 Could only draw our youth's contempt,  
 (His mind from prejudice exempt)

But now, a fool would scarce have miss'd

To turn a physiognomist,

When mounting the companion stairs,

The face of Harpoon just appears



Like some far fam'd *banditti* chief,  
Or some Saint Giles's *cellar thief*.  
My readers can suppose a face  
Without a single human grace,  
Such as Lavater would have giv'n,  
To one accurs'd of earth and heav'n!  
Two bushy eye-brows, black as sin,  
Conceal'd his goggle eyes, within;  
As fell a frōnt as human nature,  
Unfinish'd, gave to human creature,  
They shew'd, with diabolic ire,  
The vice that did his soul inspire;  
Tremendous loads of dirty hair,  
That would have serv'd a Lapland bear,  
Completely covering mouth and chin,  
Adds to the fiend's demoniac grin!  
His height gigantic, with a stride,  
Of impudence, and low-bred pride;  
His *tone* of insolence and pow'r,  
Made all the passengers to low'r,  
And to lament that such a form,  
Particularly in a storm,  
Should ever their companion be,  
And have the watch, when out at sea;  
Or rather that he might alone, as  
A sinner, be the only Jonas.  
Tho' each reflected in his breast  
They all were Pharisees at best;



Nor did they once express a wish  
That whale, or any other fish,  
To take the fellow straight from hence,  
*Might then be sent* by Providence;  
But hopes, neglectful of his fate,  
The absence of th' obnoxious mate.  
In puppy's kennel they had wish'd him,  
Had hydrophobia even dish'd him.  
Enough of mates: you now enquire<sup>o</sup>  
About the man that's titled "*Squire*."  
"*Captain or Skipper*," for no doubt  
A *title* cannot be left out;  
And so my readers, if they please,  
May call him any one of these.  
Whether from transatlantic shore,  
The skipper formerly came o'er;  
Whether the blood of Cattabaws,  
Or Mohawks, or of Chukasaws,  
Runs in the fellow's stupid veins,  
Or whence deriv'd his *fertile* brains,  
Or whether he had common sense,  
Is not of any consequence,  
Our manuscript remains without it,  
And thus the reader's left to doubt it.  
Nature, when in a laughing mood,  
Hew'd out the figure, gross and rude,  
And fifty years could plainly shew,  
Upon his head time's drifting snow,



While it was clear to each beholder,  
A load of vice was on his shoulder,  
A most enormous aukward lump,  
By vulgar people call'd a *hump*.  
His limbs, a libel upon legs,  
Deem'd rather two unweildy pegs :  
A patent pair of goggle winkers,  
Conceal'd from public view his blinkers ;  
And with a parrot nose display'd  
As droll a face as ere was made.  
Such was his figure ; but his mind  
Leaves mere description far behind ;  
This paltry dabbl'r vile in tea  
Grows consequential, when at sea ;  
This—worse than dregs of his own beer,  
Would fain a man of pow'r appear ;  
This exporter of ladies s——s,  
The ladies' feelings more than shocks :  
This groc'ry captain now, fersooth,  
With voice infernal hails our youth.  
“ Why d-m-e, Sir, you're in the way—  
“ Is this your proper place to stay ?  
“ I now am present, Sir, you see,  
“ So leave the weather side to me ;  
“ Go to the leeward, or the d—l”—  
Our hero thinking him not civil,  
Happen'd to ask—“ pray who are you ?”  
(Nct knowing that *respect* was due)



“ Do you suppose I am come here  
“ To be insulted by a bear ? ” —  
And then, with indignation fir'd,  
Into the cuddy he retir'd ;  
For here he could himself amuse  
With Christians, Infidels and Jews,  
Who spite of tempests and of thunder,  
Had come in search of Indian plunder.  
Reader ! perchance you've been at Margate,  
Or Deal, or Brighthelmstone, or Parkgate ;  
If so, you certainly have met  
A very hetrogenious set :  
Such people met his curious view,  
When to the cuddy he withdrew.  
The first on which he fix'd his eyes,  
A man of most enormous size,  
As broad again as he was tall,  
So heavy he could scarcely crawl,  
Sitting with mistress, Country Ship,  
For fear his chair might *chance* to slip,  
Thus spoke “ Dear madam, here all mingle,  
“ If mistress Pig, or mistress Pringle ;  
“ 'Tis late, the air may hurt your head ;  
“ Take my advice and go to bed.”  
Away the charcoal damsel went  
With modern Falstaff, quite content.  
Another man, his name I trow,  
We're none of us inclin'd to know,



Cooly exclaim'd, "upon my life  
"The fellow's taken off my wife!"  
And then, as stupid as a log,  
Enjoys another glass of grog.  
While two young ladies silent sat,  
Save now and then a little chat,  
About the voyage, and *all that*.  
The captain's clerk, I ought to mention,  
Paid one of them *remark'd attention*.  
Sol's golden car had drove away,  
With all the pleasures of the day,  
And madam Night had just unfurl'd  
Her petticoat o'er half the world,  
While chaste miss Luna, in her smock,  
Told every one 'twas twelve o'clock.  
Our novice down the ladder creeps,  
Gets to his cot, and soundly sleeps—  
He dreamt (the voyage safely o'er)  
He trod Golconda's golden shore,  
Filling his *knapsack* with rupees,  
Or fruit from the pagoda trees,  
Forgot the troubles of the ocean,  
And *rapidly* attain'd promotion:  
He thought he was convey'd away  
To the environs of Bombay.  
There in the *elephanta cave*,  
A figure, rising from the grave,



Call'd his attention to a view

What, reader—I'll describe *to you*:—

He saw *an ELEPHANT*, array'd

In all the *pomp* of grand parade;

A gorgeous *HOWDA* deck'd the beast,

Studded with diamonds of the *EAST*;

A figure, in the garb of war,

Dress'd in an *EGELLET* and *STAR*,

With *self* importance seem'd to ride,

With nearly *Bonapartian* pride,

While his confed'rates, something lower

Shrunk at the terror of his power;

The Hindoo *hurraman* appears,

Goading the brute between the ears;

But all the *carts* at *Leadenhall*,

Crowded with baggage one and all,

Would a *mere pocketful* appear,

•To what the *ELEPHANT* did bear:

Casks of rupees, and debts, and charters,

Cargoes of beer, and boots, and garters;

Some hundred weight of cheese, just rotten,

And bales of damag'd Indian cotton;

Two *barons*, coronets, and mitre,

Could make the burthen nothing lighter.

The elephant, and you'll admit

Such animals have sometimes wit,

Appear'd oppress'd with such a load,

Indignant at the monkey's goad.



“*Mortal!*” the spirit said, “look here,”  
Observe *FUTURITY*, and *fear!*  
That elephant in all its pride,  
On which *THE Burea Sahib* does ride,  
Is by *AMBITION*’s fetters tied.  
The *brute*’s o’erloaded, and *they all*  
You’ll *shortly see*, will get a fall.  
He touch’d a cask with magic loaded,  
The composition soon exploded,  
Shook all the Indian empire round,  
And sent the *RIDERS* to the ground.  
The elephant threw off his chain,  
And sought his native wilds again.  
Thus have I seen in street call’d *Diot*,  
Some Irishmen kick up a riot,  
When an unhappy tinker’s ass,  
By accident might by them pass;  
The *tradesman*’s furniture, of course,  
*En masse* was plac’d upon his horse,  
Some fellow, who conceiving paddy,  
Was overloaded, just like neddy,  
Produc’d a piece of *Irish oak*,  
And with a most tremendous stroke,  
Sent to the ground both men and boys,  
Regardless of th’ infernal noise;  
The jack-ass thinking himself free,  
Kicks them and then escapes, *like me*.



The boatswain's whistle, shrill and loud,  
 Proclaim'd day peeping through a cloud,  
 While chanticleer upon the poop,  
*Repeated signals* in the coop,  
 And the return of morning light  
 Brings to the boy's astonish'd sight  
 A scene, as laughable as true,  
 A horrid sea-sick steerage view;  
 One *genius*, setting in his cot,  
 A *pewter article* had got;  
 He roar'd (enough to raise the dead)  
 O curse the ship, O L—d! my head  
 “ Good God! Sir, what are you about?  
 “ My eyes you'll *by and bye* put out;  
 “ Pray puke you in some other place,  
 “ And not *exactly* in my face.  
 “ Had I known this, India might be  
 “ Sunk before I had come to sea.”

Another youth, a graceless spark,  
 Who had been boring in the dark,  
 A gimlet hole thro' the bulk head,  
 Was peeping at miss Gingerbread,  
 The baker's niece, who left her mother  
 To go to India to *her brother*—  
 And now the modest simple fair  
 Is plac'd *beneath* the captain's care.—  
 Those gimlet holes we cannot doubt,  
 Find *many curious* secrets out,





Rowlandson sc.

# A SCENE IN THE CHANNEL.

London. Published by T. Yenn. Will. Cheapside. Oct. 1815.

CHAS. PEARCE

1815



For, 'tis asserted, not uncommon,  
A human figure, *not* a woman,  
Has taken most uncommon pains  
To be admitted thro' the chains,  
Where, I have reason to suppose,  
Things happen'd that I'll not disclose.  
When once the *dreadful* secret's spread,  
Discord erects her gorgon head,  
And peace on board at once destroy'd,  
The captain thinks himself annoy'd,  
Because the purser, or a mate,  
Was intimate with Moll or Kate;  
Tho' all the passion that he shows  
From interested motives flows.

The lady that he had *selected*,  
His offers, and himself, rejected;  
He now determin'd is to curse her,  
Because, forsooth, she *kiss'd* the purser.

Patience by general belief  
Is thought to be a cure for grief;  
I recommend a *better* plan,  
Laugh and be happy when you can;  
Adopting this advice of mine,  
Our hero safely reach'd the *line*,  
He frown'd at vice, and smil'd at folly,  
And thus outwitted melancholy.

The day was cloudless, and the sun  
Its northern course had just begun;



The latitude the captain sought,  
And entered on the logboard—nought.  
The bell struck eight, a dreadful sound  
Now reach'd the ears of all around :  
A monster of uncommon size,  
Out of the ocean seem'd to rise :  
And bellowing thus, he hail'd the crew  
“ Ho ! what the devil ship are you ?  
“ Your passengers must all appear,  
“ Neptune will presently be here,  
“ And as his godship is in haste,  
“ Muster the people in the waste.”  
And now comes *Neptune*, in a car,  
(A grating cover'd o'er with tar,)  
Surrounded by a motley throng,  
Of Tritons, dragging him along :  
The captain offers him his hand,  
And Neptune (*drunk* as he can stand)  
Accepts the honor with an oath;  
The sailors laughing at them both.  
The passengers are now collected,  
To be by Neptune's gang inspected.  
*The tub* is rigg'd ; and now a fellow  
Painted all over, red and yellow,  
Decends the ladder from the poop,  
Arm'd with a piece of iron hoop ;  
The ceremony then takes place—  
—Our novice, with a blacken'd face,



Is rubb'd with tar and filth and *slush*,  
And blinded with *the barber's* brush,  
Midst laughter, folly, fun, and noise,  
Of men and women, girls and boys ;  
Tir'd with resistance, pain and blows,  
His *seat's* remov'd, and in he goes !  
Buckets of water, now complete  
This serio-comic naval fête.

The bell struck six : the watch was set :  
The ladies in the cabin met,  
And, over an expiring candle,  
Were playing cards, and talking scandal.

'Twas Sunday ; and I well remember,  
The blackest night in *black* November ;

'Twas Harpoon's watch, whose leaden eyes  
Morpheus had closed *by sheer surprise* ;

And thus the ship was left to ride  
At fortune's whim, without a guide ;

When in an instant, with a squall,  
Away went foresail, jib, and all.

Up started Harpoon with a frown,  
And knock'd a luckless sailor down :—

“ You rascal have *you* been asleep ?

• “ *Is this the way your watch to keep ?*

“ Call up the hands, there, by the l—d,

“ The masts are coming by the board !”

Out ran the ladies from their sport ;

Out ran the captain in his shirt,



And last, *not least*, old Falstaff came ;  
 Falstaff in figure, not in name.  
 Wishing to gain the weather side  
 He seiz'd a rope, and vainly tried ;  
 It broke, and with a sudden crack,  
 Sent him to leeward on his back,  
 Carried away both stays and 'braces,  
 And smash'd a carronade \* to pieces.  
 Pray, reader ! did you ever meet  
 A brewer's dray in Chiswell-Street ?—  
 If so you saw the brewer's men  
 With ropes make fast *a cask*—and then,  
 (Sure that the rope was safely bound)  
 Cautiously send it under ground ;  
 But if the rope should chance to go,  
 Heav'ns ! what a wreck is made *below*.  
*Another* simile to mention,  
 I've seen a turtle at *Ascension*,  
 A most enormous turtle, truly,  
 And equally as much unruly,  
 Dragg'd by the sailors to the boat,  
 For fear the *rats* † should cut its throat ;

\* Quiz only means the *carriage* of the carronade ;  
 though if the gentleman's *head* had come in contact  
 with the *gun*, he questions whether this note would be  
 necessary.

† It is unnecessary *perhaps* to inform my *Asiatic*  
 readers, that the *rats* of the Island of *Ascension* will  
 take *advantage* of the unfortunate turtle *being turred*.



When once he's put upon his fins,  
 O! what a *bobbery* begins!  
 The boat is very soon deserted,  
 Her timbers very often parted:  
 Thus the unweildy Falstaff flounder'd,  
 When with the wreck he was surrounded;  
 The vessel on her centre quivers,  
 And ev'ry sail is soon in shivers.  
 Silence, resum'd its perfect reign,  
 While *certain* people courage feign,  
 Tho' not a word to cheer the men  
 Escap'd their lips, to grace my pen.  
 An awful overwhelming sea  
 The weather bulwark sweeps away;  
 The captain's voice is faintly heard—  
 "Let all the guns go overboard!"  
 But *British* sailors, ever steady,  
 Had sent them overboard *already*.  
 The decks are scuttl'd, and we lay  
 Far in the hollow of the sea;  
 For three sad days the vessel rolls,  
 At ocean's mercy *under* poles;  
*Fortune*, tho' sometimes known to fail,  
 Brings her at last thro' all the gale.

on its back, which renders it *incapable of defence*, and  
 that they will, *under* those circumstances, like *rats*  
 of some of the *Indian Islands*, cut its throat if they  
 can.



The damages at length repair'd,  
To Saint Helena they have steer'd,  
"Land is in sight," now cheers the crew,  
Ascension's rock is just in view.  
The Muse with pleasure here would tell  
What *people* on the island dwell.  
But this is going rather far, '  
For England is with them at war;  
And tho' we don't enslave or beat them,  
*Like Africans*, we're known to *eat them*!  
Now four days more had only past,  
When Saint Helena from the mast  
Appear'd, in all its *native pride*,  
As o'er the ocean it would ride.  
Stop, reader! and I'll let you see—  
Now for *another simile*—  
Perchance you may have seen at school,  
A drowned puppy in a pool;  
That it requires the sharpest eyes  
To recognize its paltry size;  
So stands this island in the sea,  
Vesuvius' mountain to a flea!—

The ship continues on her rout  
To find *long wish'd for* Bengal out.  
The scenes on board we can't renew,  
Same captain, passengers, and crew;  
And sure the muse can't find a theme  
Where ev'ry thing is just the same:



She will not here stoop to retail  
Such anecdotes as suit a jail:—  
How many squabbles people say  
Happen'd at table ev'ry day;  
Or if the major, void of honor,  
Corrupted Mistress Biddy Connor;  
Or how *a lady*, without grace,  
Happen'd to *claw* the captain's face;  
Or any thing that suits the pallet  
Of Mistress Block, or Mistress Mallet.  
The *youth* whose travels I pursue  
*Ladies*, was much *attach'd* to you;  
And only exercis'd his *pen*,  
As well as *whip*, against the men;  
Then surely you'll excuse the muse  
If to write *scandal* she *refuse*.  
But here 'tis proper to reveal,  
How things are done *after a gale*:  
It sometimes happens, tho' 'tis odd,  
That men reluctantly thank God;  
Whatever be their preservation,  
*This* is the *last* consideration;  
Therefore we have the cause to seek,  
Why he was *now* forgot a week.  
Sunday arriv'd, and, what a bluster;  
The men must *clean* themselves for muster:  
No word of *church*, until the bell  
Puts *Jack* in mind of heav'n or hell.



The quarter-deck has been prepar'd,  
The capstern smartly swept and clear'd,  
The awning, too, hung round with flags—  
American or *Gallic* rags ;  
The British ensign is display'd  
That *lately* made the French afraid.  
A pennant at the peak appears,  
To *shew* the *fleet* they're at their *pray*'rs ;  
And now the captain and the purser  
Are come to *pray*, and not to *curse*, Sir !  
The passengers and crew around,  
Wit *gravest* faces, look profound.  
The *service* is begun, when, lo !  
The captain's eye glanc'd down below :  
An error in the compass spies ;  
He *d—ns* the *stupid* *helms-man's* eyes !  
Assures him he'll be flogg'd, and then,  
The purser adds his own, *amen*.  
The pious *pair* again go on,  
Concludes the service, and—*its done*.

Once more the crew with joy perceive  
Land, bounding the still distant wave ;  
And ere the sun has taken flight,  
The Table-mountain *heaves* in sight.  
The next return of smiling-day  
Finds them safe moor'd in *Table-Bay*,  
*Here*, was the Muse's pen inspir'd,  
Or with *descriptive* *genius* fir'd !



Gods! what a subject now is giv'n—  
 The noblest master-piece of Heav'n:  
 Mountains, on tops of mountains tost,  
 In the *far distant* prospect's lost;  
 While, circumscribing every side,  
 Nature appears in dreadful pride.  
 But as our tale is *Mudibrastic*,  
 And incidents characteristic,  
 The reader'll not be disappointed,  
 Should our description be disjointed.  
 Our hero, landed at the wharf,  
 Is told that *Vrow Von Horse in Dorf*  
 Will cheerfully receive *Minyeer*,  
 Where he will meet the best of cheer;  
 The smartest lodgings at the Cape;  
 And, "got for tam," 'twas very cheap:  
 Videlicet—that is to say—  
 Six dollars for a *single day*.  
 A little doctor, squab and fat,  
 With *widish* breeches and *Dutch* hat,  
 With brandy face and purple nose,  
 Directs our youth, and off he goes.  
 The bargain's *finish'd*, but the *Vrow*  
 Is left *unfinish'd*, God knows how.  
 An accident, however strange,  
 Induc'd the lad his mind to change.  
 Two crooked eyes, that you'd be sworn  
 From some *dead lobster* had been torn,

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Far shrunk within her shrivell'd head,  
Like one just risen from the dead,  
*Peep'd* at our youth, when he inquir'd  
How much for lodging she desir'd?  
Drawing her mouth into a smile,  
*Feeling her pockets* all the while,  
At last her *spectacles* pull'd out,  
And mounted them upon a snout  
That touch'd her chin, where certain hairs  
To our *affrighted* youth appears;  
Who, never waiting a reply,  
Made off, nor bid the *dame* good-bye!  
This sample of the Cape-Town *fair*  
Most ludicrous must needs appear.  
Yet 'tis asserted, and with truth,  
The girls are *handsome* in their youth;  
But *thirty* summers are enough  
To make a *Vrow Von Horse in Dorf*.  
The Muse does *here* not undertake  
A tour of Africa to make;  
And, therefore, it can't be expected  
That *bears* or *monkeys* he collected;  
Or that he try'd—digestive pow'r,  
If he a *lion* could devour;  
Or that he will describe the boors,  
Dutch burgers, fiscals, or Butch w—s;  
Or if he was inclin'd to glut on  
Their curs'd, infernal, stinking mutton;



Or took dimensions of sheep's tails,  
At which description always fails ;  
Or whether he receiv'd, so civil,  
An *invitation* from the devil  
To dine with him, when he had laid  
His *table-cloth* with such *parade* ;  
Or whether, taken by surprise,  
*Dutch* dust has blinded *both* his eyes :  
On *this* we're not inclin'd to say—  
The youth *again* is under weigh :  
The *same* *return* of day and night  
At last brings India's coast in sight :  
They're now in view of Sauger's shore,  
And hear the hungry tiger's roar :  
Thousands of boats at once surround  
The ship ; and, deafen'd with the sound  
Of diff'rent tongues, our youth appears  
Astonish'd, *stopping* both his ears :  
Hindoos and Moormen, pedlars, tailors,  
Jews, *beebees*, bumboatmen, and sailors,  
Made altogether such a *row*  
As ne'er our novice saw till now.  
“ Master got boat, now go ashore ?  
“ Master not come this place before ?  
“ I got character—master, see !  
“ Master want servant, *best take me*—



“ I all the same as master’s dog,  
“ Or master’s *slave*, or master’s *hog*\* :  
“ Master one *great man* by and by,  
“ Get plenty rupee, make them fly ;  
“ Master make bus’ness here to fight,  
“ Or come *one gentleman* to write ?  
“ I plenty, master, see come here,  
“ Drink plenty grog, and plenty beer :  
“ Some gentleman make *too much* bread,  
“ And *other gentleman come dead*.”

Thus rapidly the Hindoo talk’d,  
As on the quarter-deck he walk’d :  
While *our adventurer*, amaz’d,  
Attentive on the stranger gaz’d ;  
He took the fellow at his word,  
Sent him below his trunks to cord,  
And said, that, in an hour or more,  
He would accompany him on shore.  
Now rapidly the vessel glides,  
And on the Hugely’s torrent rides,  
Known to our youth by public fame,  
The sacred branch of *Ganges’* stream

\* The *hog* is considered detestable by the natives of India in general : the Eastern compliment, however, is mentioned, merely to shew that some of the Indians, like people of *other countries*, would be any thing for a *place*.



How grand the view ! on either side,  
The river's banks, extending wide,  
Planted with cocoa-nuts are seen,  
And trees of never-fading green;  
While mosques and old pagodas rise,  
In solemn grandeur, to the skies.  
Hundreds of human bodies lay,  
A horrid feast for birds of prey ;  
While fun'ral piles, on either side,  
Some savage sacrifice imply'd.  
The passengers have now departed;  
Some laughing, and some heavy-hearted.  
Falstaff, the spouse and sooty dame,  
Alas ! no longer is our theme ;  
Nor are we now prepar'd to tell  
In what part of the world they dwell.

The sad Miss Gingerbread, we fear,  
Has since shed many a bitter tear ;  
But there's a chance she may have match'd,  
And thus her reputation's patch'd.  
Harpoon, we've heard it said or sung,  
Was, by some dire *misfortune*, hung ;  
The Captain, so says common fame,  
Deservedly will meet the same :  
Our hero's future fate, I fear,  
Cannot be terminated *here*.



## CANTO II.

## ARGUMENT.

Our young adventurer once more  
 Has left *his friends*, to go on shore :  
 The reader probably will find  
 His baggage has been left behind :  
 The rascal he had, in the ship,  
 Gave him unluckily "*the slip*,"  
 His plunder off *in triumph* bore,  
 And never was he heard of more.  
*Musing*, the youth now walks along ;  
 The natives round about him throng ;  
 Meridian sun—an Indian scene—  
*Something* about a palanquin :  
 Reaches Calcutta just in time  
 At the Bengal Hotel to dine :  
 The waiters (as he's but a griffin \*)  
 Will give him nothing but a tiffin.  
 Strange customs, manners, and strange people ;  
 The old Black-Hole—Calcutta steersle ;  
 The respondentia, esplanade,  
 Fort-William, barracks, and parade ;  
 Calls on the *Commandant*, and gets  
 Quarter'd along with the cadets.

\* Young men, immediately on their arrival in India, are termed *griffins*, and retain *this* honour until they are twelve months in the country, during which time they are entitled to *certain privileges*.



The Muse explains the reason why  
 He's designated a *Qui Hi*?  
 Puts on the red, and, 'gainst his will,  
 Is order'd to attend the drill.  
 Some hints how money may be had,  
 Whether the *method's* good or bad:  
 Gets his commission, and is sent  
 To join his proper regiment.



THE morning's light had darkness chac'd;  
 The jackal's horrid yell had ceas'd:  
*Another* day commenc'd, before  
 Our youth was ready for the shore:  
 He's off, and looks a *last* adieu  
 To Harpoon, captain, ship, and crew.  
 The rowers shortly reach the beach,  
 And lands *their charge* at *Garden-reach*.  
 His trunks are left, for *Bapoo* told him,  
 That "master's boat's too small to hold 'em;"  
 But master might make very sure  
 His baggage *he* would keep secure.  
 Our novice, not suspecting harm,  
 Saw no occasion for alarm,  
 And told the fellow he might stay  
 Until he brought th' effects away.  
 He soon had reason to perceive  
 His faithful *Bapoo* was a knave;  
 For *Blacky* on that very day  
 Made off, and carried *all away*.



The *famous* labourers of Babel  
 Were not so noisy as the rabble  
 That crowded round the youth, to know  
 "What master want? where master go?"  
 Moormen, Armenians, and Hindoos,  
 Cooleys, and Burrawas, and Jews,  
 Offer'd their service—for a fee.  
 "I go, if master give rupee."  
 A neighb'ring *gong*\* had told the hour;  
 The sun had gain'd meridian pow'r,  
 And its oppressive beams had made  
*Buff'los* and *beebees*† seek the shade.  
 The boy, exhausted with the heat,  
 Accepts an honest brahman's seat,  
 Near a pagoda, almost tumbled,  
 Which *prejudice* and *time* had humbled.  
 Time's pencil on the brahman's face,  
 In strongest lines, our youth could trace;  
 For eighty monsoons‡ had expir'd,  
 Since, by religious zeal inspir'd,

\* The *gong* is used in every part of India, particularly by the English and native guards, to strike the hour of the day: it is a composition of sonorous metal, that sounds at a great distance.

† Beebees, the Hindoostanee name for young ladies of the country.

‡ The monsoon is the Indian winter, or wet season. The years, in Asia, are generally calculated by seasons, or by moons.



He made a vow to Heav'n, and swore  
The immortal *Brahma* to adore.

Since then it was his wish to stay,

And to the idol here to pray;

Nor was he ever known to roam

From his pagoda or his home\*.

The world's affairs could not allure

A mind by virtue made so pure:

Wars—revolutions—conquest, past,

He liv'd, the guardian of his cast;

And thought all politics a bubble,

Trade beneath a bramin's trouble;

Nor would he for a mitre call

Upon the greatest of them all†.

• Contented with a simple store—

Water and rice—he ask'd no more:

He liv'd, unconscious that the great

*English* arch-bramins live in state.

Here would no pamper'd vicar find

A haunch of ven'son to his mind;

\* A hint to certain *bramins* in other countries, who conceive *their* duty to God and man can be performed as well by *proxy*, and, perhaps, never see *their* flock during their lives.

† It is a well-known fact, that a *bramin*, in the proper acceptation of the word, would consider himself dishonoured by shaking hands with any sovereign in Europe; though the intrinsic value of his whole property may not be undervalued at two shillings and sixpence.



*Here* would no city alderman  
Eat turtle, on a *hoggish* plan;  
Nor would a *modern* epicure  
The Bramin's *scanty meal* endure.  
His whole display, a simple fare,\*  
That never brings disease or care:  
Say, reader, then, what you would give,  
*Here* in the hermit's cell to live;  
Your mind as his completely free,  
From ev'ry ill that tortures me?  
Have *you* then ever been deceiv'd,  
By those who once *your* bounty sav'd?  
Have *you* e're met a faithless friend,  
That *sold* you to effect his end?  
Have *you* experienc'd ev'ry evil,  
Inflicted by an earthly devil;  
Whether 'twas in the light or dark,  
By *any one*, or Mistress C—k?  
If thus, you've *not* experienc'd hell—  
Go to the Bramin's hut and dwell:  
*There* no deceitful mask will shew  
A *face* your friend, a *heart* your foe;—  
*There* you are not condemn'd to meet  
Some Raja ruffian in the street,

\* The bramins are prohibited, by their religious tenets, from eating any kind of flesh, or drinking wine or spirits; and, in these instances, particularly deviate from English customs.



And be oblig'd by custom's law,  
 To treat *the man* with silent awe:  
 No, reader!—*there*, whate'er's his rank,  
 If he act wrong, he's but a *blank*;  
 The lowest cooley wretch may hoot him,  
 Or one of higher cast may shoot him.\*

Thus *Asiatics* have been taught  
 To shun dishonor, act or thought.—

How lucky, reader, could we now

Cause every Englishman to vow,  
 That *rank*, like *cast*, is but a name  
 Unalterably fix'd to fame;

• That *ev'ry one* should be *degraded*,  
 Who e'er his neighbours rights invaded;

• Dragg'd combination's hellish crew,

With gorgon features to our view,

And (ignorant of a good name,)

Attempts to damn another's fame.

Ephemera like these *may* soar,

Then sink at once, to rise no more!

- \* The very highest rank among the natives can loose *their cast*, and be placed on a level far below the common cooleys, or labourers; until, by a *severe* penance, they are re-admitted to society: and, in some instances, the very circumstance of an individual, so situated, *touching* one of the higher class, though a relation, has been punished by instant death.



Heaving fell persecution's dart  
Rankling with poison in the heart.  
With *Bramins* we can be secure,  
A Bramin's friendship's always sure :  
How diff'rent is the case with others,  
Who when in *affluence* call us brothers ;  
But should *their* int'rest be at stake,  
They change to *knaves* for fortune sake :  
And if they hope to be promoted,  
Are to their *seniors* much devoted ;  
Will join at once without remorse,  
To lay a once *lov'd* friend a corse ;  
For surely calumny, 'tis true,  
Is murder in a mental view.  
But should, at some more happy hour,  
The frown of delegated pow'r  
Dispel the mist, and shew the world,  
That justice on the guilty's hurl'd ;  
That certain peoples' conduct's blam'd,  
How soon the reptiles feel asham'd ;  
Kneel in the dust, with conscious dread,  
With *rev'd* vengeance o'er their head,  
Seek pardon of the injur'd man,  
Who'll give them pardon, if *he can* ;  
Thus have I once on Bombay green,  
A handsome English spaniel seen ;  
A perfect stranger, and quite sure  
He *there* might walk about secure ;



But soon some *Paria's*\* appear,  
 And take the spaniel by the ear;  
 O'erturn the brute, and in a minute,  
 Will kill him, or the devil's in it;  
 An English bull-dog trotting by,  
 The conflict chances just to spie,  
 Flies to the combatants, and now  
 There is *the d—l of a row*;  
 Gives ~~eight~~ or ten of them a fall,  
 And *growling* p—s on them all;—  
 Relieves the stranger with this moral,—  
 “Never to join in any quarrel,  
 “Except oblig'd, and even then  
 “To know what *dogs* are gentlemen.”  
 Good readers! deem you this digression  
 Excusable, tho' harsh th' expression;  
 The muse has previously declar'd  
 No paltry insolence he fear'd,  
 And still will hold truth's mirror up,  
 To shew each consequential fop;

The *Paria puppies* of Bombay are a vile description of the very lowest order of the canine race, possessing the jackal's ferocity and cowardice, with the duplicity and cunning of the fox: in fact, they are a public nuisance. My readers, perhaps, are not aware, that Government orders them, once a-year (against the will of the Parsees), to be sent off the island, or have them destroyed, to prevent the dreadful consequences of hydrophobia.



Each tyrant in his situation,  
To the contempt of all the nation.

The hour of sacrifice drew near,  
The old man dropp'd a *friendly* tear—  
Embrac'd our youth, and o'er his head  
A *savage*\* benediction shed.

“Depart,” he cried, “no longer stay,”

Devotion calls me now away :

Now is the time for Hindoo pray'r ;

A *Christian* cannot tarry here.

But hearken, *Sahib*, before you go,

To a sad tale of Hindoo woe ;—

Your country-men, some ages since,  
Poor, friendless, and without defence,  
Came here (their ship was cast away ;)

They ask'd the *Raja's* leave to stay.

As bramin principles declar'd

That *strangers* always should be spar'd ;

We gave them ev'ry thing they wanted,  
E'en leave to build a house was granted ;

Tho' but *one bungallow*† was given,

They soon erected *six or seven* ;

\* It is extraordinary, that the genuine character of the Hindoos is so *misrepresented* in England, that the inhabitants of India are often insulted by the appellation of *savages*. The author knows the *contrary* ; and declares, that he considers them, generally, good men.

† *Temporary* houses, well known in India, built of



Grew insolent, and then the knaves  
 Declar'd our people *all* were slaves.  
 They rul'd us with an iron rod,  
 Trod down the temples of our god,  
 Plac'd cannon on the sacred ground,  
 And shook the *Ganges* with the sound :  
 Our simple Hindoos, struck with awe,  
 Submitted to your country's law.

Since then—our money and our land  
*Those merchants* hold at their command.

Ah ! soon this body, weak and old,  
 Must be inanimate and cold ;

But heav'n avert that 'ere again

I should be doom'd to live with men,

Who build their happiness on pow'r,

Which makes them heard of *for an hour*.

But fate declares the *greatest* must

Lay with the humble—equal dust.

“ Adieu ! ” he added, “ on that green,

Master will find a palinkeen ;

“ G and the Bramin's blessing too,

“ And *Doula jada*,\* go with you ! ”

bamboo and clay, and *very often* without a roof. Witness *subaltern* quarters.

\* “ *Doula jada*,” a Hindostanee compliment, wishing you “ *more money*.” The author, for the satisfaction of “ *untravell'd* ” readers, has not observed the Indian *orthography* : the words are spelt according to *pronunciation*.



Our hero bow'd; and now reflection  
 Brought *other things* to recollection;  
 He found that Bramins can observe,  
*Certain affairs*, nor ever swerve;  
 He found that India could supply,  
 Culprits to fill "the hue and cry,"  
 And, for the first time, clearly saw  
 That *vice* in *power* was but a *flaw*;  
 That *mediocrity* must try  
 To act in private *vi'tiously*;  
 For 'tis a maxim with the great,  
 (*Hindoos* \* attribute it to *fate*,)  
 That specks upon *the moon* have been,  
 Which on *the sun* were never seen;  
 The reason's plain, man's little eye  
 Can *only* simple objects spy;  
 A vulgar robber gets a rope,  
 While Bonaparté *may* elope;  
 And thus it is with ev'ry evil,  
 Judges hold *candles* to the devil;—  
 Our reader here exclaims, 'tis stuff—  
 Well then—of politics enough;

\* The doctrine of Predestination is so prevalent in India, and the natives are so confident that *every thing* happens by the *direct order of Brahma*, that, in many instances, they have been known to lose their lives, rather than remove from their houses when in flames.



He fancies too that he has seen  
 Our hero in a palanquin;  
 But here the *pen of truth* must write  
 Misfortunes that befel that night;  
 Eight naked hamuls\* now be found,  
 Lying asleep upon the ground,  
 Under the Bany'n's friendly shade,  
 That refuge from the sun display'd:  
 They soon address'd our youth, to find  
 If he was for a ride inclin'd.  
 Without replying, he got in,  
 But very soon, *came out again*.  
 The youth had never seen machine—  
 Made on the *plan of palanquin*—  
 Nor knew that, if inclin'd to ride,  
 He must not lean to *either side*;  
 But in the center sit or sleep,  
 The *equilibrium* to keep.  
 He mounts—the palanquin turns round,  
 And sends him headlong to the ground!  
 Again by sad experience taught,  
 (*Experience generally's bought*)

\* The *hamauls*, or *bearers* of India, are literally *naked*, with the exception of an article of dress called a *langooty*—an object of much *fun* with the ladies of India; but which I cannot describe better to my female readers, than *substituting a pocket-handkerchief for Eve's fig-leaf*.



He enters *properly*—and now  
 Exclaims “ *Calcutta jildi jou*.\*  
 And now, surmounting *toddy* trees,†  
 Calcutta’s minarets he sees  
 Pagodas, mosques, and now a spire,  
 Some broken down and *others* higher,  
 Huts—palaces,‡ and, here and there,  
 A *monkey* and a *dancing bear*,  
 Jugglers, astronomers, and *writers*,  
 Ships, *dandies*, *budgeros*,|| and lighters.  
 Beggars and *Adjutants*,§ and crows,  
 Moving in columns and in rows;

\* He had picked up this smattering of Hindostanee already: very fair for a *griffin*. The English reader should be informed, that this was his *first command* in India. The meaning of the *Hindostanee* expression is, “Go to Calcutta directly;” perhaps accompanied with, “You d—d black rascals,” and a bamboo!!!

† Toddy tree, the Indian name for the cocoa-nut tree. The liquor extracted from it is called *toddy*.

‡ The Government-house at Calcutta is a very stupendous structure; and its appearance brings to recollection the extraordinary changes that have taken place; particularly when contrasted with the numerous mosques, pagodas, and *huts*, which ~~lie~~ in ruins about this palace.

|| *Dandies* and *budgeros* are boats that ply on the river Hugely.

§ The *adjutant* is an extraordinary kind of bird, of the crane species, very common in Bengal. They may be observed marching in platoons through the streets of Calcutta; and they are so voracious, that scarcely any thing is too difficult for their digestion.



While cloud of dust our youth annoys,  
And nearly blinded both his eyes.

A *stranger*, how could he be sure,

The *palanquins* had got a door?

At last, when nearly choak'd with sand,

The Bengal *hotel* is at hand;

Hunger inform'd our young beginner,

'Twas time for him to get his dinner;

He ~~paid~~ the *hamauls*, who content,

Made a *salam*,\* and off they went.

The waiters now about him came,

And want to know "what master's name;"

"What business master's come for here;

Will master drink *loll shraub*,† or beer?"

In *vain* for dinner he enquir'd,

The tiffin‡ hour had not expir'd;

But master, if he's in a hurry,

Could have some "*famous rice and curry*."

Necessity when *hunger* calls,•

They say, "*will batter down stone walls*."

\* *Salaming* is the mode of salutation in India; bowing, and placing the right hand on the head.

† *Loll shraub* (red wine) is a term given, in Bengal, to Port and Claret.

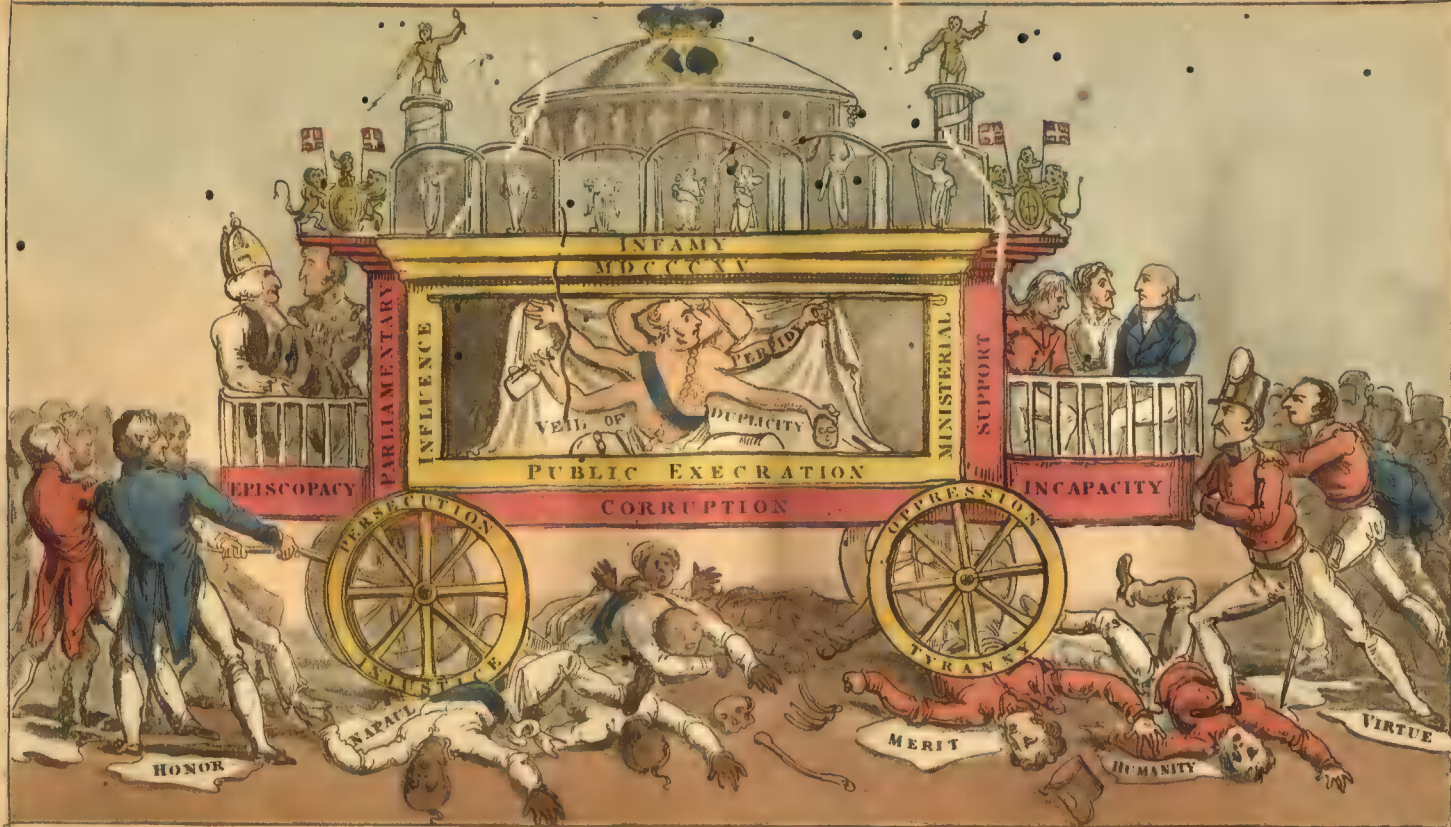
‡ This is a universal meal in India. Tiffin is generally served up at one or two o'clock, and consists of curry, rice, &c.; when both ladies and gentlemen literally *stuff* themselves to such excess, that they are obliged to go to bed for three or four hours. The dinner hour, in some parts, is nine o'clock at night; when another *stuffing match* commences.



San's ceremonie now our *griffin*,  
Sat down and made an *Indian tiffin* ;  
Billiards and brandy, beer, and hock,  
Employs his time till six o'clock ;  
When he *endeavours* to find out  
Fort William, by the *shortest* rout.  
What various figures now he meets,  
Crowding by thousands in the streets !  
To his astonish'd sight appears  
Soldiers, Civilians, and Fakeers.\*  
It happen'd that he chanc'd to stroll,  
Near the identical *black hole*,  
Where long ago, by tyrants fated,  
Some Englishmen were sorely sweated :  
Upon a tablet he might read  
The story of that *horrid deed* :  
But while *this tale* employ'd his thought,  
He saw the idol *Jaggernaut*  
Approach, amidst a num'rous croud  
Of *Zealots*, praising him aloud ;  
The idol, mounted on a car,  
Bore all the *savage* marks of war ;  
No mercy e'er *his* bosom feels,  
For victims *crush'd* beneath his *wheels*.  
Our hero wish'd with all his soul,  
He had him in the *old black hole*.—

\* Begging devotees.





THE MODERN IDOL JAGGERNAUT.

London, Published by T. Fegg, No. 111 Cheapside, Oct. 1, 1815.



Another subject now employs,  
The youth's attention and his eyes;  
Calcutta steeple brings to view,  
*A contrast with the idol's crew;*  
He wonder'd Christians would allow  
Such conduct as he witness'd now,  
And wish'd the people *over-nice*  
*At home about suppressing vice,*  
Would go *abroad*, and take a peep  
At Jaggernaut's *black flock of sheep;*  
The respondentia \* having pass'd,  
The esplanade was quickly cross'd,  
Meets the commander's approbation,  
But *never gets an invitation;*  
The ordeal pass'd of presentation,  
The col'nel gives an intimation,  
Our youth to barracks must repair,  
For all *the youngsters* are sent there;  
He goes, and soon a jovial set  
Initiates him—a cadet.  
Gallon of arrack, *lots* of beer,  
In fact, the *very best* of cheer,  
Was *here* prepar'd by way of *fete*,  
To give the *new cadet* a treat,  
And shew the youth an interlude,  
Before *the business* would conclude;

• \* Respondentia, a walk at the river side.



They broke the windows, and in pairs,  
 Dispatch'd both tables, shades,\* and chairs;  
 And to confirm this midnight fun,  
 Oft to the *loll bazar* † they run.—  
 The muse now *blushes* to disclose  
 The bobbery ‡ that here arose;  
 Our hero, being but a stranger,  
 Knew nothing of impending danger;  
 His new preceptors well could tell him  
 Some Indian words, but could not spell'em;  
 And thus the boy, *on recollection*,  
 Turn'd linguist *without reflection*,  
 Tho' he had reason to repent  
 The learning that had thus been lent;  
 For never having been at college,  
 He falsely trusted to his knowledge,  
 And to a lady thus he spoke, ||  
 “ By Jasus, madam, its no joke,

\* *Shades* they are called in India: but Quiz conceives the term to be improper. They are rather *reflectors*; as can always be observed, by the *modest* light they throw on certain pretty faces in the northern division of Guzerats. They are intended to preserve the candles from the effects of an accidental blast, muskitoes, *flying bugs*, &c.

† *Loll bazar* (red market), a notorious place in Calcutta, something like the *loll derwaga* at Surat: but there is so much *lolling* in India, that an explanation is difficult.

‡ Bobbery is the Hindostanee for a *kick-up*, in English.

|| The *Flying-fish* omitted giving Quiz an account



" But as your face is *brown* and bony,  
 " May be you'd give me some *loll pauny*.

The lad had not yet been in bed,  
*Loll shrab* was running in *his head*,  
 He simply thought, tho' in a garret,  
 That he was *only* asking claret;  
 Nor should it be a serious matter,  
 That claret may be chang'd for water;  
 But 'tis a fact; he scarcely spoke  
 Till he receiv'd a dev'lish stroke.—

The lady hit *him*, (what a case)  
 Smack with the slipper in the face,  
 And thus exclaim'd with *vicious* eye,

• " Toom haram malachoot QUI HI?

Which, for the reader's information,

We'll give in literal translation,

She would have said it to her brother,

" Pray *who are you*, and *who's your mother*?" •

Her language here was thrown away,

Our ~~lover~~ <sup>lover</sup> knew not what to say;

He thought he had made some mistake,

He laugh'd, but vengeance\* would not take;

So mirth and quiet to restore,

He made his peace with a gold mohur,

of the youth's country; but, *now*, I fancy the reader  
 is at no loss for that information.

\* Many a fool would have got in a passion.



But thought it *proper* to explain  
That *Qui hi* never was his name.  
His friends below, hearing the squabble,  
Perceiv'd our hero in a hobble,  
Heard *explanations*, and they swore  
*QUI HI?* *he should be* evermore.  
The *fatal* gun had given warning,  
To subalterns that it was morning;  
And our cadet must now fulfil  
The duties of a tedious drill.  
His *mufti's*\* off, and now, instead,  
*QUI HI* per force assumes the red,  
For now the serjeant's dismal voice,  
Convinces him he has no choice;  
The torments of an aching head  
Made him inclin'd to stay in bed.  
Reluctantly he leaves his couch,  
Arm'd *cap a pie*, musket and pouch;  
The squad is form'd—"Attention eyes right!  
The serjeant calls with all his might:  
"Keep up your head, Sir, if you please;  
"And *you*, Sir, pray keep in your knees;  
"Go thro' the manuel, and platoon  
"Correctly, I'll dismiss you soon."—  
Two hours of exercise had past,  
The sun's oppressive beams at last,

\* *Mufti*, the military term for *plain clothes*.



Induc'd the martinet\* to say—

“The gentlemen might go away;”

QUI HI? exhausted, now retires,

And for his breakfast he enquires;

The servant enters with a dish,

Containing *kedgeree* and *fish*,

And begs “from master a rupee,

“To go to the *bazar* for *ghee*.”

Two cadet brothers now came in,

*Sans ceremonie*, and begin—

“Well, QUI, I think you’ve had your fill

“Of this confounded stupid drill:

“Hurry with breakfast, I don’t care,

“If we should stay and take a share,

“And afterwards, if you’re inclin’d,

“We always can amusement find;”

The breakfast soon dispatch’d, they’re off,

To borrow money from a *shroff*.†

At int’rest *more than cent. per cent.*

The money *only* can be lent;

And strictly upon *one* condition,

“Master make pay when get commission.‡”

\* Martinet, a military term for a *too* strict disciplinarian.

† Money-lenders, who advance young men in the Company’s service almost any amount, on exorbitant interest, which generally keeps them involved in debt all their lives.

‡ This is invariably the expression: but while they



The bond is sign'd, and now, with pleasure,  
 He counts *his rupees* at his leisure,  
 Never reflecting, he has made  
 A bond, *that never can be paid.*  
 The billiard-table's now resorted ;  
 A palanquin and horse is sported ;—  
 To be like others, in the fashion,  
*QUI HI* determin'd is to *dash on*,  
 Never reflecting that too soon  
 His borrow'd money will be gone ;  
 And should his late engagement fail,  
 He lives in terror of a jail.  
 His barrack-room, so lately quiet,  
 Is now the scene of play and riot :—  
 Is money plenty ?—so are friends,  
 If gone, *their* friendship with it ends !  
 But soon arrives the time, when all  
 His creditors impatient call,  
 “ I come for business master know—  
 “ This bond come due, some time ago.”  
 —Well, come next month and then I'll pay,  
 “ No master, I not go away—  
 “ Master break promise every day,

impose on their youthful debtor, they take care to  
 bind on conditions that generally ruin him. “ But,  
 by-and-by, master will be great man, and then make  
 pay. Suppose master die, I can't help.”







Then come to-morrow—"Very well,

"I always come when master tell;

"But what for master make this rout?"

"Be off, Sir, or I'll kick you out!"

Here parcels of unsettl'd bills,

His breakfast table daily fills,

When fortunately his commission,

Relieves him from this sad condition.

He's ordered off to join a corps,

Which he had never seen before,

And has some hundred miles to go,

On board a Ganges budgerrow.

His servant manages things aright,

His trunks are put on board *at night*,

QUI HI gets in, and, before day,

Our youth is far enough away;

Leaves creditors and all behind,

Not to *take leave*, is he inclin'd.

The muse with pleasure here would shew,

The sights that met our hero's view,

As up the Hugely's rapid course,

The *dandies*\* row'd with eager force.

'Twas here QUI HI saw first with horror,

The *burning system* in its terror.

\* Dandies are the boatmen in the river Hugely. They are generally a stouter description of men than the other natives, and are employed conveying troops or goods from one station to another.



Here British mercy shuts her eyes,  
 Nor will she hear the *victim's*\* *cries*,  
 Because *a fee*, at any time,  
 Can make *a sacrifice* sublime!"

His corps at length he safely meets,  
 And all his brother soldiers greets ;  
 Goes to the mess, and soon can swear  
 As well as any of them there ;  
 All day (neglectful of the sun †)  
 He strolls about with dog and gun ;  
 Drinks *brandy pauny*, by the *quart*,  
 And swears he does it all for sport.

\* The author has witnessed two instances of this savage custom, where the unfortunate girls (one of them only fifteen years of age) were burned against their will. The dreadful screams, and piteous supplications for mercy, were fruitless. Their friends had paid certain people for Government's leave, and the unfortunate females were tortured.—Surely, when we are so busy in endeavouring to convert the Hindoos, it would be a good thing to do away with a practice, the revenue for which can do the public purse no good: it is the price of blood.

† It is no uncommon thing for yeung gentlemen to remain out shooting the whole of the day, exposed to the effects of a tropical sun. A servant generally attends them, with a bottle of brandy, and some water in a leather bag; and it is believed that drinking *mahogany* (a strong description of *brandy pauny*) is the best preventive against the sun's heat. The remedy is in general repute in Bombay.





Rowlandson. sc.

## THE BURNING SYSTEM ILLUSTRATED.

London Published by T. Tegg, No. 111. Cheapside. Nov. 1. 1815.



## CANTO III.

## ARGUMENT.

Subaltern difficulties stated,  
 And other things elucidated :  
 A peep at discipline and morals ;  
 Civilian etiquette and quarrels ;  
 Guards, sham engagements, and field-days ;  
 Hops, dinners, masquerades, and plays.  
 The reader, if ~~he be a critic~~  
 May judge, but not be too splenetic ;  
 For here the Muse means nothing more  
 Than vice and folly to explore :  
 He cares not who may read or hear it :  
 " If the cap fits him, he may wear it ;"  
 Which is a very plain translation  
 Of Quiz's ~~Critical~~ \* quotation.  
 A hint at the absurd perversion  
 Of common sense †—*Hindoo conversion* ;  
 And what by some may be expected,  
 If such a system were effected.

\* See the motto.

† As to the probability of converting a single Hindoo to our religion, I have no conception that such a thing is probable. It often occurs, that a man who has, by some occasion, merited the censure of his cast, and consequent expulsion from it, has found it necessary to become a Christian, merely to get something to eat ; as he would, as an outcast, otherwise starve. But I fancy his religion never went further than his *conna*, or provisions.



It shews the reader, too, that fools  
 "Should never meddle with edg'd tools."

NOW, with ambitious hopes elated,  
 Our youth has been initiated  
 To all *his honors*, in a word,  
 Assumes the gorget, sash and sword,  
 Whether adorn'd with cat\* or lion,  
 Or *plain G.R.* we can't rely on;  
 Our information only goes  
 To shew the *colour* of his cloths;  
 'Twas *red*, of course, this information,  
 Convinces you he serv'd *the nation*,  
 Whether a company or king,  
 The muse will not pretend to sing:  
 The reader may, if he's inclin'd,  
 Make him serve *which* he has a mind,  
 And he's at liberty to *guess*,  
 Of what description was his dress;  
 'Tis certain that his *facings* bore  
 The designation of his corps;  
 But whether black, or *white*, or blue,  
 Is nothing now to me or you;

\* A well-known crest; but so miserably executed by the Indian artists, that it bears *more* resemblance to a *rampant cat*, than a rampant lion; which gives a subject for ridicule to some *wags* in the *King's* service.



Or whether a mistake\* he made  
 By accident, and *for them* paid ;  
 For sometimes it may be aver'd,  
 That *subs-pay only* with their word.  
 (If an apology's of use)  
 Necessity has some excuse,  
 For sad experience often shews  
 That poverty can truth oppose,  
 And subalterns, like others, find  
 Justice is rightly painted *blind*.  
 Dame fortune frequently bestows  
 On vice her wealth, on merit blows ;  
 For, after many " a hair bread'th scape,"  
 Troubles and wants in ev'ry shape,  
 He sees, with an indignant frown,  
 His *airy* castles tumbling down ;  
 All his fair claims are soon forgot—  
 Mendicity must be his lot :  
 He scorns to act an *abject* part,  
 And droops beneath a broken heart.  
 Two well the Indian *subs.* can *feel*  
 The truth of what I here reveal ;

\* Quiz says mistake here. He repeats it ; because  
 he is perfectly aware that the most honourable young  
 men in the army of India are placed under such pe-  
 cuniary embarrassments, that they are *obliged to pro-*  
*mise*, without the hope of performing that promise.



How often, with a doleful face,  
 They pay for breakfast with their *luc* :\*  
 They find the *tenure* of a sword,  
 Can scarcely bread and cheese afford,  
 While, 'tis a *fact*, tho' strange to tell,  
 Riches attend the paltry quill. †  
 Civilian luxury attends  
 The powerful interest of friends,  
 While *merit's* claim is scarcely heard,  
 Neglect its whole and sole reward:  
 But now the chearful smile of peace,  
 Has lighten'd every Briton's face ;  
 Now that John Bull with beef and beer,  
 Treats as a friend poor old *Monsieur*,

\* The Indian army is magnificently dressed ; indeed, rather too much so, for the scanty pay of an ensign—130 rupees a month. Some of those young gentlemen, from the loads of lace with which their jackets are covered, appear, at a distance, not unlike a *sideboard* of plate : they, consequently, very often have more silver on their jackets than in their pockets ; and an old jacket is a *valuable* commodity.

† Pro bono publico.—I shall just observe, that ensigns have remained for seven years on their paltry allowance ; while a young gentleman, who comes out a writer, or kind of clerk, has been almost immediately put in a situation of no trouble, and in the possession of an allowance of one thousand or two thousand rupees a month !!! The latter description of people generally return to England with a fortune.



Nor casts a surly look from Dover,  
Defying Monsieur to come over,  
But lands him from the very boat,  
Where he had vow'd to cut his throat;  
With *Boney's* fate John's anger ends,  
And *Boney's* foes are now his friends.  
Russians and Prussians, Swedes, and Poles,  
Among his friends he now enrolls,  
And Giles, with open mouth and hat off,  
Takes every one for Marshal Platoff;  
And thus John Bull at once forgets,  
Twenty years taxes, war, and debts.  
Now with the bravery in view  
Of Briton's sons at Waterloo,  
Surely the public are inclin'd,\*  
To bear our Indian troops in mind,  
And pay some mark of approbation,  
To soldiers on a foreign station;  
If then a compliment they'll pay,  
The muse will shew the proper way;—  
Send out fair Justice to Bengal,—  
If she be found at Leadenhall;

\* *Quiz* thinks he has asked very little for the army, by noticing the very great distinction between the civil and military servants of the Company; and he trusts his request may be granted, to have the officers' allowances, particularly the junior part, a little better arranged.



Or with her we might chance to grapple,  
 Somewhere about *St. Stephen's* chapel ;  
 Let her prepare her "*cut and thrust*,"\*  
 Take out the gaps, wipe off the rust,  
 Then if she likes, without a doubt,  
 Some noxious animals she'll rout :  
 Let her prepare her weights and scales,  
 (Her balance *very often* fails ;)  
 And thus equip'd, I here aver,  
 The *Hindoos* tribe would worship her :  
 Her voyage over you would ask,  
 " What then would be the lady's task ?"  
 And thus I simply answer you,—  
 " Let her give ev'ry man his due."  
 Let her expose the asses' ears,  
 Of all the group—Judges or Peers ;  
 Let her, in just consideration,  
 Alter the people's situation ;  
 Let her examine, and she'll find,  
 That certain people are inclin'd  
 To give rewards, where none † are due,  
 Unto a servile stupid crew :

\* All my readers know what a cut-and-thrust sword is. *Justice* is said to carry one. Whether it is of this description, or the King's order, I cannot say ; but either will answer the purpose.—He thinks the idea as requisite as it is original, of polishing the sword, and taking out the gaps.

† Every one knows about the annual distribution



Let her reform the present *mode*,  
 Of treating virtue with a goad,  
 While powerful folly with success,  
 Treads on the neck of meek distress :  
 Let her (howe'er they seem unwilling,)  
 Give to *poor subs.* an extra shilling ;  
 Or should she *any* merit see,  
 She'll make the *shilling* a rupee ;  
 Then let her, at a single blow,  
 The petty tyrants\* overthrow.  
 When G——'s weeds are clear'd away,  
 She'll find employment at B——y,  
 There, certainly, she'll have some trouble,  
 To cleanse the place from *dirt* and stubble ;  
 Then she will see with indignation,  
 Duplicity in ev'ry station ;  
*Mushroom* † productions there she sees,  
 As numerous as toddy trees ;

of gold medals, and *thousands* of rupees, at Calcutta college!!! while the distributor, and, of course, *judge*, cannot understand a syllable that is *said* ; but concludes, that the youth who *talks most* is most learned.

\* *Quiz* does not mean to be understood as particularly alluding to any particular set of Asiatics. The rage for despotism was not extinguished by the death of Sultaun Ud Doula, of black-hole celebrity ; or of Tippoe, of equal notoriety. India is yet the fostering parent of greater wretches than either of those mentioned.

† *Mushrooms* were not the natural production of



And if her balance she well use,  
 She'll find the gentlemen are Jews :  
 Let her divide the balance fair,  
 'Twixt *subalterns* and *writers*, there,  
 And should the youths attempt to grumble,  
 The goddess soon can make them *humble* ;  
 Let her inform *some folk* of rank,  
 Their honor has been prov'd a blank ;  
 Let her take all the filth away,  
 That dirties the *menagerie* ; \*  
 Whether the brutes be great or small,  
 The rat, the ass, the lion—all,  
 Shall here perceive, *her sacred throne*,  
 The scene of knavery is grown ;

India: they have been, in many instances, transplanted from Europe. The Land of Cakes has produced many of this description ; and the species have been known to thrive luxuriantly, and have been returned from India, where they have been supposed quite another breed. They are of various descriptions. The toddy-tree, mentioned by *Quiz*, is a very rare description of the Indian palmyra, and bears a *singular* contrast with the mushroom.

\* A place, near the island of Colaba, to keep wild animals in. There are a great many *tame asses*, of the zebra description, being *mostly striped or spotted*. The method of taming them is severe to excess, their noses being generally bored. Many die under the operation ; while others, more restive, are seldom or never brought under restriction. The *menagerie* was lately under the superintendence of a blacksmith.



While the *qui tams* abuse each other,  
 From hangman *Murlagh* to —;  
 She'll find that it will be her duty,  
 To tell *some* ladies they've *no beauty*;  
 And without trouble she may see  
 The whole extent of chastity.  
 She'll find that the old laws of honor,  
 Will call with vehemence upon her,  
 To shew the world an Indian duel,  
 Is not a thing so very *cruel*,  
 As 'tis the fashion—without lead,  
 To shoot with paper thro' the head;  
 Or if twelve paces can be found,  
 Thick grown with *cocoa nuts* around;  
 A toddy tree's a famous shield,†  
 They'll fight for ever e'er they'll yield:  
 She'll know if Derry or Dunshoulin,  
 Taught honor's rules to Hugh MacLaughlin;

\* *Quiz* is far from holding up to ridicule any individual: he merely hints at the circumstances alluded to; because *transitions* of the kind sometimes do happen, and render *self-identity*, with modern nabobs, a difficult thing: they hardly *know* themselves.—O tempora! O mores!

† Gentle Reader, such is the fact. Two redoubtable, respectable, and very considerable *characters*—one the flower of chivalry, the other the very quintessence of law, from *Trinity College*—really did fight a duel, each of them *peeping* from behind a toddy-tree. What the mischief was that resulted, this deponent saith not.



Or when he studied *his* degrees,\*  
 Which brings him in such *handsome* fees;  
 She'll see, in fact, if she *has* eyes,  
 Things that will cause her much surprise;  
 But while she cleans the *Augean stable*,  
 Let me inform her, while I'm able,  
 That many gen'rous breasts she'll find,  
 Beauty and worth, and *both* combin'd.  
 Friends of my youth, to you I owe,  
 The tribute I shall now bestow.  
 'Till life's uncertain taper ends,  
 I'll call you with delight, my friends;  
 And dwell with pleasure on the view;  
 Of all the hours I pass'd with you!

The muse herself has wonders seen—  
 An upstart Emperor, and Queen;  
 Fortune's late minions, aw'd the world—  
 Now from the height of empire hurl'd;  
 And he that was on earth supreme,  
 Awakes in exile from his dream;  
 Princes could scarce their subjects own,  
 Or totter'd on a crazy throne,

\* This character is, of course, *ideal*; and so is the whole of this allegory: but it describes things, if not *poetically*, certainly very *truly*. And *Quiz* takes the liberty, while he holds "Truth's mirror up to Folly and Impertinence," to save from his whip a very select portion of his friends, whom he highly esteems, and shall always remember with pleasure.



Till Britain's thunder bid him cease,  
Struck down his power, and gave us peace;  
That this example would prevail  
O'er tyrants of a *smaller* scale;  
Descend, dear patience, on my quill,  
Instruct e'en passion to be still,  
And calmly shew to censure's view,  
The despicable servile crew!  
Our youth had bought a little sense,  
By seeing the sad consequence  
Of dissipation \*; and, with terror,  
Perceiv'd the danger of his error:  
His duty now engross'd his time,  
He left his comrades far behind,  
In exercise, and in defiance  
Of pride, he acted with compliance.  
To all the Major's rough directions,  
Our youth replied by some reflections,  
Which shew'd his seniors 'twas his will,  
To be releas'd from tedious drill.  
His wish is granted; he's dismiss'd,  
And now included in *the list*,  
Or roster—nor e'er thinks it hard,  
Next day to mount the castle-guard.

\* Alas! how true is this observation! Many a fine youth falls, every day, a victim to the pernicious custom of *drinking arrack*. It is the last recourse, in India, for the discontented or unhappy. The brandy or arrack bottle soon does the business.



The guard is over, he's directed,  
 To have his company inspected;  
 The drum gives notice to repair  
 To the parade; the major's there;  
 The signal's made; they soon begin;  
 The officers have now fell in.—

“ Wheel by divisions on your right,

“ Halt, dress, *QUI HI?* your wrong, Sir, quite.\*

“ How could you such a blunder make?

“ Go, and once more your distance take.

“ That's better, Sir; now dress your men;

“ Don't let me speak to you again;”

And now commences, left and right,

With either flank, a running fight;

Sometimes they win, sometimes are beat,

Like greater fights among the great;

At last the bugle sounds—“ retreat.”

They march to barracks, where with joy,

Their *masticators* they employ,

On curry, rice, and beef, and goat,

*Voriously* † they cram each throat;

\* *Quiz* takes the liberty of giving this parade scene for the information of his *unmilitary* readers, as an instance of *gentlemanlike* conduct on the part of a commanding officer: but I have known a Lieutenant-Colonel do—— a Captain's eyes on the parade, and the *gentleman* put up with the insult.

† *Quiz* admits almost the harshness of this expression; and he would this instant scratch his pen across it, if he knew any other word to substitute, that could



Drinks beer, and claret by the quart,  
 And swears it is the proper sort.—  
 Dinner concluded, off they go,  
 To see some masquerade, or shew;  
 The players, *stupid* as can be,  
 Are below mediocrity.—  
 The reason is, I am afraid,  
 They're *off the stage*, in masquerade;  
 The reader asks, "is it a fact,  
 "That Asiatics *thus* can act?"—  
 Or, probably, I shall be ask'd,  
 "Are Asiatics \* *always* mark'd?"  
 Yes, reader, 'tis a well-known truth,  
 That Asiatics ~~from their youth~~,  
 Assume the mark of dark deception,  
 And this is true, with *one* exception,  
 Europeans made them long believe,  
 The *Christian faith* † was to deceive;

convey to the reader the indelicate method both ladies and gentlemen eat, both at tiffin and dinner, &c. He has absolutely been disgusted at seeing one of the *prettiest girls* in Calcutta eat about two pounds of mutton-chops at one sitting!

\* Does *Quiz* only allude to the natives of the country? We fancy he does *not mean* the colonists. It was, we thought, necessary to make this remark, as we never recollect hearing that the play formed any part of native amusements.

† Whenever any of the intelligent natives enters into conversation on the subject of the English, they invariably entertain doubt whether or not we have



And now the natives often think  
 Our worship, is to eat and drink ;  
 And take by force their homes and land,  
 In every place where we command ;  
 Their lands, their money, or their wives,  
 Nay, we may even take their lives.  
 But let them live in full security,  
 Of judging of their own futurity :  
 Leave them their notions of a God ;  
 What, if their mode of worship's odd ?  
*Their* faith instructs them, they are right,  
 And that same faith will make them fight ;\*  
 May heaven avert that our ambition,  
 Should try to *force* from them submission ;  
 Or that enthusiastic preachers,  
 (That not content at home as teachers,)  
 Should e'er be sent to sow dissensions,  
 And raise a war on such pretensions.

any religion. The expression—"O master very fine gentleman! same as Christian man; make fight business; all very well: but master never say prayer; every gentleman make too much curse, and get drunk; your God tell you do that: black fellow never drink any; more money to *master*!"

\* The dreadful effects of religious enthusiasm have been lately but too prevalent in India. Witness the horrible assassination of nearly a whole regiment, in the fort of Vellore. But this is nothing to what the consequence may be, if illiterate adventurers of methodist preachers get among them, endeavouring to explain things that they know nothing of.



Infidels. Barbarians! we are come to convert you to the christian faith. by Order of the great Authority whose Image I bear on this Shield. the benignant beams of whose countenance enlighten the ignorant inhabitants of this country. therefore destroy your Gods burn your books. be converted and be saved."

"Master. you very fine Gentleman got very fine Topy - but not speak too much good sense - Master I'm poor people all black fellow poor Man. all Master slave - what for burra Sahib behaden send Master for black man not become christian beaven got me God already - What can I say more?"

INTOLERANCE  
BIGOTRY  
INJUSTICE  
OPPRESSION  
VICE

Nah! Wah! Topy walla

MOBILE SOCIETY  
CHARGE

KORAN

CONFIDENCY

GANGS WATER

Rev. 1865

# MISSIONARY INFLUENCE OR HOW TO MAKE CONVERTS.



If they intend civilization,  
 The muse can paint them out a nation,  
 Where their attempts might meet success,  
 The people too are in distress;  
 A *bushman Hottentot*\* is willing  
 To be converted for a *shilling*.  
 As to the Dutch, I rather fear,  
 Their *intellects* are *not so clear*;  
 But a *rix dollar*, I am sure,  
 Would their *religious faith*, secure!  
 But *civil* Brahmin's, educated,  
 In arts, and highly cultivated;  
 Industrious, honest, peaceful, kind,  
 His heart contented, and *his mind*,  
 Fix'd on *great Vishnu's* sacred page,  
 The *fleeting hope*, of *palsied age*!†  
 Where *is that Christian* to be found,  
 Who ga—his aged heart a wound,

\* It is a well-known fact, the Bushman Hottentots are far degenerated from all other description of savages: but I am willing, from experience, to give them credit for more *common sense* than the Dutch at the Cape of Good Hope; who are, indeed, the most stupid of the human race.

† People who *call* themselves *Christians*, in India, presume to insult the idols of the natives, and have the arrogance to turn the Hindoo mythology into ridicule; merely because they have not ability enough to understand that it is considerably more sublime than that of Rome.



By *daring* to assert his god,  
 Was nothing but a *piece of wood*?  
 With indignation and surprise,  
 The *rev'rend* brahmin lifts his eyes,  
 Touching his breast, he shed a *tear*,  
 And said, "The Christian's God is *here*.  
 "Go, and do justice to mankind;  
 "And tell your countrymen they're blind;  
 "That long before your land was made,  
 "*Brahma* was worshipp'd in this shade!  
 "And should *presumptuous hand* approach  
 "That mighty figure but to *touch*,  
 "That instant, *hurl'd upon your head*,  
 "The curses of the God be spread!"  
 The man approach'd; the *Brahmin* frown'd;  
 Darkness *pervades* the temple round;  
 The Christian fell, but never spoke;  
 The *mighty Elephanta*\* shook;  
 And, lo! the *triple-headed* God  
 Frown'd horribly†, and gave a nod.

\* The accompanying print will give a better idea of the triple-headed God, in the cavern of the Elephanta, than I could convey in writing. I drew it on the spot, but not exactly at the time of the incantation it represents.—QUIZ.

† *Quiz* did not mean to copy from Milton, or any other heroic poet: and as I have made his Godship, though of stone, frown and nod at the arrogance of the *Christian* who insulted him, I think I have a right to let him frown as I please.



The Bramin spoke : " Christian, *arise!*

" And to this glass *affix your eyes:*

" In it *I'll let you* plainly see

" *A scene of dread futurity!*

" *Mark!* too, whose pow'r you dare disown :

" 'Tis *Brama's*, and *this work's* his own,

" Therefore, beware ! lest you are led

" To draw his vengeance on *your head.*

" Depart ! ere yet your soul has felt

" The *consequence* of crime and guilt !"

• He said. Th' affrighted *Christian* fled,

With horror thund'ring o'er his head !

The *vision* always *haunts* his mind,

Whenever he's to *sleep* inclin'd ;

Nor would the world itself be able

To make him think it *was a fable.*

*He found*, that making *fun* of *Brama*

Is worse than meddling with the *Lama.\**

\* The *Lama* is a person deified by the inhabitants of China and Tibet. He is supposed to be regenerated ; and at this time, I believe, he is a child. He receives divine honours ; and even the mighty Emperor of China has been known to visit him, for the purpose of worship.—As *Quiz* has not got *Arrowsmith's* map beside him, he cannot be informed if any of the holy territories of *Dalia Lama* has been entered by our army in the present war against the *Napauls* ; however, the reader may inquire.



While QUI HI up the country stray'd,  
Some new discoveries he made ;  
About the natives he inquir'd,  
If lit'rature they much admir'd ?  
Whether they wish'd for information  
From men of better education ?  
If they had knowledge of geometry,  
Of algebra, or trigonometry ?  
Since Europe's *vivifying* sun  
Their reformation had begun,  
He ask'd how they could manage here  
To calculate the varying year ;  
Or if they could conceive the reasons  
From whence originate the seasons ?  
If they could comprehend the stars ;  
Or which was *Saturn*—which was *Mars* ?  
Or if, in such a barbarous state,  
They an eclipse could calculate ?  
The Indian, with astonishment,  
Inquir'd of QUI HI what he meant ?  
He wonder'd master did not know,  
That, many thousand years ago,  
The learned Bramins well could see  
The wonders of astronomy :  
If master ever was as far as  
The famous city of Benares,  
He'd see some magnifying glasses  
That Herschell's telescope surpasses ;







For English pundits condescend  
'Th' observatory to ascend,  
And sometimes are surpris'd to find  
*Comets* of a malignant kind.  
He then describ'd a meteor  
That very lately did appear ;  
Which, to the *people's* vulgar eyes,  
Appear'd an object of surprise  
And terror; as they all expected,  
Hindostan's safety it affected.  
It blaz'd awhile ; but 'twas foretold.  
Its *borrow'd* rays would soon be cold:  
And so it was—a darker sphere  
Over its disk did now appear,  
Eclips'd the "*Jack-a-lanthorn's*" light,  
And sent it to eternal night!

END OF CANTO III.



## CANTO IV. °

## ARGUMENT.

Our Asiatic readers may  
Their criticisms now display :  
But QUIZ can every one convince,  
These self-same *critics* have no sense ;  
And confidently he declares,  
That *against* vice he levies *wars*.  
The gauntlet thrown, he now asserts,  
He'll give to fools their just deserts :  
And should an Indian *hero* find,  
By any means, himself inclin'd  
To shew that Quiz has acted wrong,  
The argument cannot be long.  
But we the *colonists* defy  
To prove that Quiz asserts a *lie* :  
And should we think, in our ambition,  
To give QUI HI? a *new edition*,  
We'll give the colonists to fame,  
And tell the world *each* ass's name ;  
For Quiz's pen could shew *the globe*,  
Duplicity's *beneath a robe*.  
Then will the reader soon discover,  
That *virtue's* semblance *vice* does cover.  
Quiz, with effect, here ridicules  
Those methodistic vulgar fools ;  
Those barbers, shoemakers, and tailors ;  
Those *Anti-Hindostance* railers,  
Who think *their trades* are so laborious,  
They make themselves *at once* notorious,



By turning *preachers*, on condition,  
 "They're sent upon the sacred mission  
 "Of shewing all the Indian nation  
 "John Westley's *method* of salvation!"  
 But Hindoo prejudice remains  
 Unshaken, spite of all their pains.  
 Our youth, by chance, procures a pass,  
 On leave of absence to Madras;  
 And, probably, our readers hear  
 Particulars of manners there.



NOW all the *Colonists*\* declare,  
 Our subject hateful to their ear,  
 For *simple* satire can't agree  
 With *Asiatic* quality.

Too well the muse is now aware,  
 That ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> certain people fume and swear,  
 To ~~us~~ <sup>us</sup> ev'ry thing but civil,  
 And wishes QUI HI? at the d—l.

But let them stamp, and let them fret,  
 The subject is not finish'd yet:  
 Things still *untold* will meet the ear,  
 (That may ridiculous appear,)  
 But change the hairs on ev'ry wig,—†  
 To *bristles* of a *furious* pig;

\* A late female author, Mrs. Graham, has properly made use of the term *colonists*; though the doggrel critics in India attempted to murder her fame!!!

† A plagiarism from Shakespeare.—QUIZ.

No particular allusion to the colonists, whether so-



Or, if the reader should incline,  
 We'll change the *pig* to *porcupine*;  
 No matter which!—"it comes to pass,"  
*QUI HI?* can saddle *ev'ry ass*;<sup>\*</sup>  
 And, if the reader mounts on *neddy*,  
 He must ~~endeavour to ride steady~~;  
 For hobby-horses, ne'er will tumble,  
 Except 'gainst *vice* they chance to stumble.  
 'Twould be a shame (*in place of sport*,)  
 To get a *tumble* in the *dirt*.—  
 And tho' the asses should be many,  
*QUI HI?* cares not a *pice*† for any.  
 Should hoofs, or *ears*, e'er make them find  
 This hint, to be at all unkind,  
 'Tis certain that their obvious failing,  
 Accuses *quiz* of wanton railings;  
 But Quiz is always virtue's friend,  
 "Constant's" his motto "to the end;"

*males* or *judges*; though Quiz knows, *passing well*,  
 they both wear wigs.—The *beautiful* deviation from  
 our immortal Shakespeare's idea will appear plain to  
 every reader:—

"Like *quills* upon the fretful porcupine."—HAMLET.

Though, by the by, it is true enough, that *quills*, in  
 India, are more common than *hairs*.

\* See Quiz's note on the menagerie at the island  
 of Colaba, page 62.

† A *pice* is the lowest description of coin in India,  
 with the exception of the *coury*, a kind of shell, cur-  
 rent in the Guzerat,



And while his hand can wield a pen,  
 He'll shew that asses—*are not men*,—  
 Disgraceful too, to human nature,—  
 Unworthy even, of *his satire*;  
 How many of them, (unconnected  
 With honor,) are with vice infected?  
 Let them throw off those slavish trammels,  
 Disgraceful even to their *Hammals*;  
 For well indeed the muse has known  
*Honor*, in humble Hammals shown;  
 While with a puritanic face,  
 Their master acted with disgrace!  
 For many peculating crimes,  
 Contaminate the *present times*; †  
 The muse could information write,  
 And bring delinquents forth to light;  
 Strip off hypocrisy's disguise,  
 And shew *the fools to wisdom's eyes*.  
 Whatever may be Quiz's will,  
 His wishes he *cannot* fulfil,  
 Except the reader has the sense  
 To draw from *hints*—*an inference*.

\* This description of people Quiz has, in a previous note, described. They are certainly *very great rogues*; but, frequently, *simplicity itself*, in comparison to the chicanery of their *European employers*.

† Quiz is at no loss for metre: therefore the reader is, *ad libitum*, to read either

- *Present times*, or *Indian climes*.



But to proceed—our hero now  
 Is made a soldier, we'll allow ;  
 The *griffinship* expired, he's sent,  
 On duty *from* his regiment,  
 Perhaps a hundred *coss*,\* or more,  
 To Fyzabad or Burhampore ; †  
 Or any *other* place the muse,  
 Or reader, is inclin'd to chuse ;  
 And that his Asiatic rout  
 Eventful was, we cannot doubt ;  
 For Indian trav'lers often view  
 Things that are to *our* readers new ;  
 And Quiz conceives he's obligated,  
 To tell what *QUI HI?* has related.  
 Each morning 'ere the sun had given,  
 A chearful smile from gloomy heav'n  
 The bugle, or the drummer's call,  
*Summon'd* the officers and all ;  
 Our hero, too, awakes, of course,  
 Equips, and mounts his faithful horse ;  
 Bucephalus and Rosinante,  
 Are fam'd in history, I'll grant ye ;

\* *Coss* ; Indian measurement. It is calculated,  
 that an Indian coss is an English mile and a half ; but  
 it differs in the eastern and western parts of the Pe-  
 ninsula.

† Fyzabad is the capital of Oude, next to Luck-  
 now ; Burhampore is a military station on the Gan-  
 ges.



And QUI HI's horse, it is *recorded*,  
 Deserves to be alike rewarded,  
 For all the steeds that since the flood,  
 Boasted of pedigree or blood,  
 Could ne'er be match'd for sport or fun,  
 (In Spain or even Macedon.)  
 With QUI HI's—none could gallop faster,  
 He'd eat his gram,\* and lov'd his master,  
 Nor ever by a kick, or stumble,  
 Gave he his master cause to grumble;  
 Sound, wind and limb, a perfect *beauty*,†  
 He cheerfully perform'd his duty;  
 Not like *those asses* I have known,  
 At *certain menageries* shewn,  
 Dress'd in the trappings of the east,  
 (That ornament *each silly* beast)  
 And well their savage *driver* knows,  
 How useless are both *words* and blows!  
 For who can change the laws of nature,  
 With ev'ry stupid stubborn creature?  
 So rapid now our hero rides,  
 As fam'd *Brickfield's* back he strides;

\* Gram is the usual food given to horses in India: it is a description of pea.

† Quiz need scarcely repeat, that the Arabian horses are the most beautiful and the most docile in the world; and, of all others, QUI HI's was the most faithful.



Topes, prickly pears,\* and e'en stone walls,  
 He often clears, and never falls.  
 Coolys, Sepoys, and Jemadars,  
 Havildars, Naiks, and Subadars;  
 After QUI HI? with elocution  
 Runs, never thinking of pollution,  
 For *Qui hi's* soldiers who thus ran,  
 Knew that *he was a gentleman* :  
 For, reader, know that in the East,  
 An *honest man*, is always best ;  
 And Englishmen, however great,  
 Are thought by Hindoos incomplete,  
 Except in ev'ry word and deed,  
 In honor they Hindoos *exceed*.  
 Maugre *religion*, they suppose,  
 An European *honor* knows ;  
 And execrate, (however brave)  
 The Briton that they find a knave.†  
*Fortuitous* events cannot,  
 Conceal a *plunderer* or *sot* ;

\* A *tope* is a cluster of trees, of any description, enclosed with a hedge or wall.—The *prickly pear* is well known in India: it is a description of *napal*, made so famous by the late Dr. Anderson of Madras. It is made use of, as fences, throughout India; and *Quiz* has *felt* its effects.

† The mere circumstance of a man being born a *lord*, cannot, among the Hindoos, be an apology for improper conduct: he would lose his cast immediately.—*Quiz*.



And Asiatics can with sense,  
 The greatest *burra sahib* convince,  
 That even in a simple cot,  
*Rascality* is thought a blot;  
 They plainly tell each English fool,  
 That *we* are nothing taught at school;\*  
 Can shew an humble Hindoo how  
 He can an argument allow;  
 That, by a privilege from God,  
 The English could on them have trod.—  
 • For mark, those *Heathens* don't allow,  
 • Ev'ry thing Englishmen avow:  
 They think with justice—every man,  
 • Was made upon an—equal plan;  
 • And that dishonor and contempt,  
 Attach to those that are exempt  
 From decency—and act, because  
 They've power, o'er humble Hindoo laws;  
 And with a haughty consequence,  
 Govern, without a grain of sense;

\* This is the general, and very often the *only*, re-  
 monstrance of the harmless Hindoo. To all the  
*wrongs* and *insults* of European ignorance and pre-  
 sumption, his only reply is—"Master, is that proper?  
 is that like gentleman's business?—very well, master,  
 very well! I see master go to very bad school.  
 "Toom Balat jatta doucery wakal Beorabar bol."  
 When you go to England another time, learn to act  
 or speak properly!"



Cloth'd in authority's *gay* robe,  
They try to circumscribe the globe;  
And foolishly conceive, that all  
Should at their leaden sceptre fall:  
That Musselmen and Hindoos should  
Think *paltry* veins have *royal* blood;  
And that the great Mogul should bow  
To *fools* whose power he *won't* allow,  
For surely human nature's wrong,  
To think that power to fools belong;  
Or that mere superstition's eye  
Can Indian *metaphysics*\* spy,  
And foolishly pretend to see  
The depth of *their* mythology;  
Thus the gigantic pile to crumble,  
And with it *England's interests tumble*,  
For ev'ry man of common sense  
Admits that there is no pretence  
For interfering with religion,  
To spread in India a contagion;  
Thus thought QUI HI? as in his view,  
Appear'd the complicated crew,

\* If the reader will take the trouble of consulting *Moor's Hindoo Mythology*, he will find a sublime description of their doctrine; a system, however, pure in its nature, which our modern puritanical wiseacres wish to convince us is heathenish. But let those champions in the cause of Christianity recollect, that a Hindoo is an honest *man*!



Of Parsees, Musselmen and Jews,  
Persians, Armenians, and Hindoos;  
And to his now astonish'd eye,  
Appear'd a *preacher*, perch'd on high;  
But, for the reader's own conviction,  
The muse will give him a description.—  
Pray have you got a dictionary?  
You have:—then look for missionary.—  
“ People sent out to know how far  
Their masters can succeed in war;  
Men who, by superstition taught,  
Conceive that ev'ry word and thought,  
*Except their own*—cannot be right;  
They with *Saint Peter's* armour fight;  
But not being regularly train'd,  
Their holy discipline is feign'd;  
Such was the man, that did expound  
The *gospel* to the people round:  
The envoy such of our great nation,  
Who preach'd to Hindoos 'bout salvation;  
And such his motley congregation.  
Nor did a ray of genius hover,  
On Quiz's pen, he could discover,  
To vulgar people a description,  
That carries with it a conviction,  
How idle, simple, silly, foolish,  
And how contemptible, and mulish;



How ass-like, how ridiculous,  
 (The system is, we must confess,)  
 Th' idea of *Hindoo conversion*,  
 Is certainly as sheer perversion  
 Of common sense—as e'er took place,  
 In this, or any other case.  
 Was *Hogarth's* pencil now at hand,  
 Well could we ridicule command,  
 For certain 'tis the pencil does  
 To the spectator's eye disclose,  
 More sentiment, and more description,  
 Than narrative, if truth, or fiction.  
 And we'll endeavour to describe,  
 In hurried pencil lines, the tribe  
 That caught the now astonish'd eye,  
 Of Quiz's PROTIGEE, QUI HI?—  
 Well then—conceive a *cotton bale*,  
 (We know at this *some readers rail*;) <sup>2</sup>  
 No matter, *truth* without a bribe,  
 Requires the subject we'll describe:—  
 Conceive then, reader, if you can,  
 The puritanic holy man,  
 Perch'd on a pipe of old Madeira,  
 Intended *probably* for Kaira,\*

\* Kaira. We know not which Kaira Quiz alludes to. There is a place, we know, of this name, in the northern division of Guzerat, where there is a regiment of dragoons cantoned.—EDITOR.





Rowlandson. sc.

Chas. Smith.

LABOUR IN VAIN OR HIS REVERENCE CONFOUNDED.



Which some *parsee* had brought from town,  
 And lodg'd it safe in a godown;  
 But by a sympathetic sense,  
 Of *missionary* consequence,  
 Told master Padree he would lend  
 The pipe of wine, "as master's friend,"—  
 But hop'd, "that master, by and bye,  
 "To poor man's int'rests would comply,  
 "And give good character," don't think,  
 The Parsee gave the wine, *to drink*;  
 Oh, no! the parson's holy nostrum,  
 Must be *proclaimed*, from a *rostrum*,  
 Upon the pipe our hero sees,  
 An empty chest, *mark'd* "S. rupees,"  
 To hold the Indian's contribution,  
 T'wards the *converting* institution!  
 Reader, this tells you that religion,  
 Can also try to "pluck a pigeon;"  
 And Asiatics still can see,  
 Pigeon's enough at Dungaree.\*  
 Upon this chest fancy the priest,  
 In his converting system blest,  
 With *pious* passion, just declaring,  
 The bad effects of wanton swearing;

\* A well-known resort for Christian missionaries on the west of the Peninsula, not a hundred miles from Bombay.



That horrid consequences must  
 Attend the sinner *turn'd to dust*,  
 (For 'tis ridiculous to strive,  
 To shew Hindoos they're *d—d alive*.)  
 And with a tone of energy,  
 Describ'd *that day* we all must see !  
 The day of judgment we suppose  
 He meant, but *this* the reader knows.  
 Thus he proceeds with furious rant,  
 And *holy* methodestic cant ;  
 While our astonish'd youth perceiv'd,  
 This man of God of sense bereav'd ;  
 For 'tis a fact, not one in ten,  
 Of all the women and the men,  
 That crowding round about him stood,  
 Knew aught he argued, bad or good,  
 Since not a syllable he knew  
 Of any language 'mongst the *crew*.\*  
 Now one among the congregation,  
 Address'd QUI HI? with exclamation,  
 “ Master Salam ! I glad to see—  
 “ Master make favour, speak to me !—  
 “ What for this man come here to want,—  
 (Qui hi's astonishment we'll grant.)

\* It is affirmed, as a fact, that every thing that is done in India, whether right or wrong, is supposed to proceed from those respectable gentlemen in Leadenhall-street. They ought to see that neither their name nor authority is abused.



- “ Master, what that man got to sell?—
- “ Suppose sell cheap: that very well.—
- “ What very funny face he make;
- “ That man make talk for *Comp'ny* sake.
- “ See, master, he make plenty noise—
- “ Make too much laugh for girls and boys;—
- “ Three or four day, he all same way;
- “ That man make ev'ry body pay:
- “ Says Christian people send him here,
- “ To sell religion, if *got beer*
- “ Master know very well I give,
- “ Whatever master would receive;
- “ But *foolish* business, I not know.
- “ Master tell madman now to go,—
- “ He say that Hindoo must admire
- “ ~~His~~ story, or must go in fire.—
- “ But now, where master is *the spot*?
- “ Master know very well 'tis hot;
- “ What that man mean, will master tell us?
- “ Suppose too hot, get *English* bellows;
- “ *That* master knows will *keep us cool*,
- “ For ev'ry blackman is not fool.
- “ What for send *padree* here to tell,
- “ That black man all must go to hell.
- “ Plenty year come, and ev'ry man,
- “ Live always proper, if he can.
- “ Suppose rogue make, then all Hindoo,
- “ Make bad man just like English *Jew*.



" And now does master think that we  
 " With Jewish principles agree?  
 " And that for fear of England's rod,  
 " Hindoo should now deny their god?"  
 " Stop," said QUI HI? " my friend perceive  
 " There's nothing good this side the grave;  
 " Another and a better day,  
 " Will come, the *English padrees*\* say;  
 " Whether the company or we,  
 " Meet there or not, they disagree;  
 " But this advice I give you all,  
 " Never at loggerheads to fall  
 " About hereafter, for 'tis well,  
 " If neither of us go to hell;  
 " And taking Brahma's explanation  
 " Is certainly not revelation:  
 " Tho' I deny that *our dominion*,  
 " Should conquer the *Hindoo's* opinion;  
 " Live quietly, and, if *you can*,  
 " Act like a perfect honest man."  
 Well done QUI HI!—our readers see,  
 He too could *preach* morality.  
 The Indian paus'd, and with a stare,  
 That shew'd astonishment, not fear,

\* This is a general term, throughout India, for clergymen of all descriptions. It is a Portuguese word, signifying *father*.



Answer'd QUI HI? in words like these:—

“ Master, these are unlucky\* days;

“ That man who lives near yonder tree,

“ (He'll tell you of your destiny;)

“ Declares that it has been foretold,

“ By Brama's followers of old,

“ That a small European *clod*,

“ Would try to overturn our God;

“ Th' immortal Vishnu has foretold,

“ That islanders, as great as hold,

“ Would try his dictates to abuse,

“ The holy Vedah† to confuse.

“ The time's expir'd,—we plainly find,

“ Your countrymen are thus inclin'd.

“ We know the truth of what we heard;

“ Your country, by the world is fear'd;

“ But by what right do you conceive,

“ That we should *every thing* believe?

“ Are *we*, who have for years submitted

“ To fetters that *your country* fitted;

“ Who gave our liberty and gold,

“ (Is our religion to be sold;)

\* The Hindoes are remarkably superstitious in regard to lucky or unlucky days, and calculate accordingly.

† The Vedah is the holy book of the Hindoes. None are permitted to read or expound it, but the Bramins, who are the priests, and officiate at the different pagodas.



" Are we, who patiently admit,  
 " The laws that L—n H—ll thinks fit,  
 " To learn from wicked Europeans,  
 " To heaven a more *direct* conveyance?  
 " Or can your masters think that we,  
 " Will with *your customs* now agree,  
 " When ages tell them that we are,  
 " Determin'd both in peace and war?  
 " To you, Sir, while I humbly bow,  
 " I think it necessary now  
 " To tell you, that your nation's power,  
 " Will evidently soon be lower,  
 " Unless your masters will desist,  
 " From sending here each prating priest.\*"

QUI HI? upon the Hindoo turns,  
 And with indignant passion burns;  
 He feels the Leadenhall allusion,  
 And evidently with confusion,  
 Orders a Sepoy, standing nigh,  
 To take the man in custody.  
 His *master's credit implicated*,  
 He's critically situated.  
 And wishes the Hindoos to see,  
 How far extends authority.

\* Quiz wishes it to be understood, that no allusion  
 is here meant to the *established clergymen*: he means  
 the illiterate and dangerous crowd of missionaries.



But youthful fervor could not blind,  
The feelings of a gen'rous mind,  
For common sense had giv'n a hint,  
The Indian had no insult meant;  
And QUI HI? clearly had in view,  
That all the Hindoo said was true;  
And the unhappy culprit stood,  
A being evidently good;  
A meek, but manly look explain'd,  
That virtue in his bosom reign'd;  
While, with an independent brow,  
He did his country's cause avow.

"Sir," he continued, "if I err,  
"Defending thus my faith, so far,  
"I must submit; but let me ask,  
"Would it to you have been a task  
"To be your country's advocate,  
"Against indignities so great?  
"If tribes of Musselmen, *by chance*\*,  
"Landed in England, or in France,  
"Some ages since, and had the sword  
"Giv'n honour to a merchant's word,  
"Was ev'ry Mussulman a knave,  
"And ev'ry Englishman a slave,

\* They have a *report* in India, that the present conquerors of that country found it out by *chance*. If such was the case, Quiz can only add, that the *chance* was against the inhabitants.



"Then, it is probable, you'd find

"The feelings that *possess my mind*."

Thus said the man, and, with a sigh,

Wish'd "Doula Jadda" to QUI HI?

Who rode away, and left the rabble

With noise that far exceeded Babel.

Tom-toms and trumpets rend the air,

And make it difficult to hear;

While compliments, quite *Oriental*\*,

Describ'd their wishes *sentimental*.

Thro' all the crowd, as QUI HI? rode,

Their *gratitude* the people shew'd;

But all their complimentary cries

Imagination's pow'r defies.

Still the unlucky *Padree* strove

Their heathen breasts, *in vain*, to move.

'Tis Quiz's firm belief, that never

Will Hindoos from *great Brahma* sever.

QUI HI? had scarcely gone a mile,

Ere an adventure made him smile;

Which, for the reader's information,

We'll tell, with an elucidation †.

\* The Oriental method of paying compliments is too well understood, both in Europe and India, to require explanation. Such compliments are sometimes very superficial, but *generally* sincere.

† For *this elucidation*, see the plate.



A Gentoo, with his wife and mother,  
 His father, grandfather, and brother,  
 Were all together sitting round  
 A simple dinner, on the ground :  
 Some rice and milk, their *only* store,  
 Compos'd their feast, and nothing more ;  
 But a philosopher might trace  
 Contentment in each honest face.  
 Conceal'd behind a banyan-tree \*,  
 Our hero ev'ry thing could see ;  
 For banyan-trees (we know it's true)  
 Bring many *curious things* to view.  
 The Burra Sahib came riding by,  
 Betwixt the Hindoos and QUI HI ?  
 Accompany'd by a *dashing* fair,  
 Who gallop'd with a *courtly* air :  
 And QUI HI ? plainly could observe  
 The haughty *pair* without reserve :  
 He knew that *their* intrusion would  
 Make *blackey* throw away his food ;  
 For 'tis a maxim not refuted,  
 They hold an Englishman † polluted.

\* The banyan or Indian fig-tree is too well known to require description here. Quiz has had some amusement under gigantic branches of *kubber-bur*.

† Quiz means any of the United Kingdom, whether English, Irish, or Scotch. "Tria puncta in uno."



Whether from ignorance or not,  
 The *Burra Sahib* approach'd the spot  
 Where sat these same Gentooos at dinner,  
 Who soon perceiv'd the N—— sinner.  
 And mark the consequence ! Alas !  
 Their E——cies cannot pass ;  
 For obstacles, not quite expected,  
 Are with their evening's ride connected.  
 But what were QUI HI's feelings, when  
 He saw the women and the men,  
 Deliberately, in a trice,  
 Destroy both *chatties* \*, milk, and rice !  
 And while their brows with rage did low,  
 They thus address'd *the man of pow'r* :  
 " What for come *Burra Sahib* this way ?  
 " Not here see gentooman make stay ?  
 " Look master ! ev'ry thing make spill ;  
 " Better that master Hindoo kill,  
 " Than come near people when they eat ;  
 " No matter suppose master's great ;

\* The chatties are vessels made of earth, of little or no value : but the circumstance related here frequently occurs ; for it is a fact, that when the poorest Hindoo is at his meals, and though he should not have a pice to get him another grain of rice, he destroys his *mess*, should a European approach him ; and even an European Emperor's presence would have the effect of contamination, under similar circumstances.



My dear Lord, we had better take some other road these poor people are evidently disturbed by our presence we had better turn

No, No, your Ladyship is really too considerate, let us continue our ride, those are unworthy of our notice, nothing but superstition and their prejudices. if I allow those liberties I shall soon be as bad here as I was in England



I rather rusta ni— What for Master come here, now spoil all peoples dinner— Master not proper character for Hindoo— all same cast as dog eat every thing, all chaddy broke rice make spill, not eat dinner, all masters fault— other time Master keep proper distance — see old man make too much angry —

Ban chut poor Terri mau —

decko: decko:  
Junglee walla

Arra Bobbery!  
Kubbar dar

Jopi walla!





“ In other places—we tell you,

“ Master *not proper* for Hindoo.

“ See Beebee, all make ’fraid, and child

“ Make cry, for it think master wild.

“ Master go ’way, custom not right,

“ Or master will make Hindoo fight.”

—He said, and with a sudden stroke,

The *last* remaining chatty broke.—

The Burra Sahib \*, and *eke* his wife,

Not wishing to prolong the strife,

Their horses in an instant wheel,

And speedily take to the heel.

While QUI HI? had from the beginning,

Nearly alarm’d them by his griming,

He now enjoy’d a hearty laugh,

And mounting “ *Brickfield*,” gallop’d off.

The reader here may plainly see,

That Hindoos of a low degree,

Cannot such complaisance afford,

As stoop to ev’ry paltry Lord.

QUI HI? had scarcely reach’d his station,

(In an unhealthy situation,)

E’er the effects of sheer fatigue,

Brought on that Asiatic plague,

\* Quiz thinks he has already explained, that the term “ *Burrah Sahib*,” or *Grand Master*, is used commonly, in India, from the natives, to European gentlemen.



*The Liver*\*.—*Pill's* advice must be,  
That he must take a trip to sea.  
The reader, if he likes, may fancy,  
Our hero at the Presidency;  
For *Pill's* certificate prevails,  
And for Madras the *patient sails*.

\* The liver complaint is certainly one of the greatest curses that the world produces; and *Mr. Pill* (as the military medical gentlemen are termed) generally takes every tooth in your head out with calomel, before he will sign a sick certificate—"precious souls!"

END OF CANTO IV.



## CANTO V.

## ARGUMENT.

With aching teeth, and visage pale,  
 QUI HI? from Ganges' banks sets sail,  
 To find some hospitable shore,  
 His *masticators* to restore;  
 For, never hoping to get wealth,  
 He wishes to regain his health:  
 But ere our idler gets afloat,  
 Our readers have an anecdote,  
 Which shews, thro' India's wide dominion,  
 C. Barra Sahibs but one opinion.  
 Some one, perhaps, will take the hint  
 (Tho' *nothing personal* is meant):  
 The context likely will afford  
 A peep at QUI HI? when on board.  
 Nay, never let the reader start:  
 We write not now of Buonaparte;  
 Nor can our picture be so grand  
 As that of the Northumberland.  
 A country ship, indeed, is poor,  
 Compar'd with Bony's seventy-four.  
 Our Hero's sad misfortune's stated,  
 When by the *duns* incarcerated;  
 But, luckily, an Indian friend  
 To his disasters puts an end.  
 Hist'ry's undeviating page  
 Tells us of rogues in ev'ry age;



But Quiz the reader will inform  
 Of greater knaves than e'er were born :  
 His subject he'll contrive to handle,  
 With some effect, *in Coromandel*.  
 Should certain anecdotes pass by,  
 That QUI on shipboard might espy,  
 The country Captain's vice, alas !  
 Will be found equall'd at M——s ;  
 And that, too, in a circle where  
 Justice and honour should appear.  
 In fact, the reader, very likely,  
 Will find some truths, tho' told obliquely ;  
 And Quiz declares, he'll nothing forge  
 Of George the Saint, or fam'd Sir George.  
 To Madras officers belong  
 The right to judge, if Quiz is wrong :  
 To what opinion they think fit,  
 Quiz will, with deference, submit.  
 Our *other* ——, just as they chuse it,  
 May read the Canto, or refuse it.

"PILL's fam'd certificate and minute"  
 Succeeds, or else the devil's in it !  
 For his unhappy patient waits,  
 Attack'd by all the sister fates ;  
 His health destroy'd, his purse as bad,  
 His teeth unloos'd, he's nearly mad !  
 So situated, how can he,  
 Expect a ray of hope to see ?  
 And the Calcutta doctors said,  
 That he is poison'd, they're afraid ;"



Adding, "it would have been as well  
 The dose had not been calomel:  
 But that, before he quits the river,  
 He'd get completely free from liver;"  
 Meaning, no doubt, that QUI HI's breath,  
 Would soon be stopp'd by Signior Death;  
 For on the Ganges death presides,  
 O'er human fate, with giant strides,  
 And various may the changes be,  
 Between *Fort William* and *Culpee*.  
 Supported on a crutch, or two,  
 Of teak, or jack-wood, or bamboo,  
 He hobbles off to Chouringee,\*  
 Some of the *precious staff* to see.  
 For here neglect and impotence,  
 Fill up the blanks for common sense;  
 And QUI HI finds some aid-de-camp,  
 Had wrote his leave of absence wrong;  
 A new delay has now occur'd,  
 Before QUI HI can get on board;  
 At last in orders he appears,—  
 Something like hope his bosom cheers;  
 His trunks on board, the bearers wait,—  
 A palanquin is at the gate.

\* *Chouringee*—a very handsome street in Calcutta, facing the Esplanade, where the public military offices generally are.



But new misfortunes now attend him,  
 Without a soul that would befriend him ;  
 A fellow enters with a bill,  
 And *bond*,\* which QUI HI must fulfil ;  
 Immediately—without pretences—  
 Or undergo the consequences.  
 A thunder-bolt could not more stun  
 Poor QUI HI than this dreadful *dun*.  
 Job-like, and with a look forlorn,  
 “ He curs’d the day that he was born !”  
 Or rather, the unlucky hour,  
 That plac’d him in such rascal’s pow’r ;  
 He vow’d that India and its masters,  
 Heap’d nothing on him but disasters ;  
 Wish’d at the devil one and all,  
 Who first applied to Leadenhall,  
 To get a *cheese cuttèr’s commission*,  
 And leave him in this *sell* condition ;  
 He swore he’d give *John Co.* the slip,  
 When once again on board of ship.

\* This is too often the sad effects of young men getting into debt in India. The Parsees, and others, advance griffins cash, to any amount, on their bond, to pay them one hundred per cent. This engagement the unfortunate debtor has seldom an opportunity of performing ; and the consequence is, he cannot leave the country, even for the benefit of his health, and very often perishes in a jail.—QUIZ.



Unhappy youth! he little thought  
 His voyage with such perils fraught;  
 Or that the damsel, yeapt *Fate*,  
 With *greater* mischiefs did await  
 On board the ship, to shew QUI HI  
 His promis'd happiness, a *lie*;  
 Alas! too well he *now* perceives,  
 That his pretended friends are knaves;  
 His *chits*\* unanswer'd, or return'd,  
 And his appeals to friendship spurn'd.  
 Those very characters, that lately,  
 Fleec'd the unhappy youth completely,  
 Would uninvited come to dine,  
 Borrow his cash, and drink his wine.—  
 When fortune frowns, the mask is off,  
 They at their friend's misfortunes scoff!  
 Now motley *duns*, both black and white,  
 Endeavour to prevent his flight,  
 From certain death, for now they swore,  
 They would not let him quit the shore;  
 And that unless their bills he'd pay,  
 A lawyer's writ, would make him stay;  
 (No matter should he die or live,)

Except security he'd give,  
 And promise by an instrument,  
 To pay them int'rest, cent. per cent.

\* A chit is the Indian term for a *note*.



'Twas useless for the youth to say  
His only fortune was his pay ;  
That to increase the trifling pittance,  
He got from Europe—*no remittance* ;  
But hop'd his wishes to complete,  
On the arrival of the fleet,  
Just then expected—when he'd pay,  
Most honorably ev'ry *rea*.\*

“ No, no,” was the reply, “ pay now,”

“ No further period we'll allow ;

“ Pay to the very last rupee,

“ Or else a lawyer's writ you'll see.”

'Twas vain to preach to stones or stocks,  
With fellows that have hearts like blocks !

'Twas useless for QUI HI to say,  
He'd pay them at a future day ;  
In vain he swore, upon his honor,  
He'd pay them in six months, or sooner ;  
And that it pleasure would afford,  
If they would *only* take his word.

Yet all his useless elocution,  
Ne'er shook the fellow's resolution :  
But fortune pitied the poor youth,  
And prov'd the common proverb truth ;  
*Videlicet*, “ a friend in need,”  
Is, certainly, “ a friend in deed.”

\* A rea is the lowest coin in India.



Reader, prepare your ears and eyes,  
 And hear the context with surprise;  
 Who was the friend that forward came,  
 To save our hero's life, and *fame*;  
 And with a virtuous, honest, zeal,  
 Avert the horrors of a jail.  
 Give *full security* for all,  
 Of QUI HI's debts, both great and small,  
 And, like the man,\* as scriptures say,—  
 “Sent him rejoicing on his way.”  
 Perhaps the readers may suppose,  
 That QUI HI's friend was one of those,  
 Whose late professions of esteem,  
 To an untutor'd youth, would seem  
 Friendship itself—that *some cadet*,  
 Who *help'd* QUI HI to get in debt,  
 Had kindly interpos'd to save,  
 His friend from an *untimely* grave;  
 Or worse, the sad imagination,  
 Of horrible incarceration;  
 Or that some pamper'd *British* Nabob,  
 That luckless natives ev'ry day rob,  
 To obviate some dreadful curse,  
 Had *lent* QUI HI his ill-got purse,

\* The reader need scarcely be informed, that *Quiz* alludes to the beautiful allegory of the good Samaritan.



For sometimes even rogues believe,  
That *charity* their souls may save ;  
Witness the flagrant ostentation,\*  
Of some subscribers *to the nation*,  
Who with a wish to give their name,  
And their rupees a *rich* for fame,  
When war *the pickpocket* had plundered,  
The British treasury—then thunder'd ;  
The Asiatic patriot's zeal,  
To shew for Britain he could feel ;  
And therefore precious soul ! he gave,  
His plunder'd wealth the state to save ;  
But Quiz religiously believes,  
Receivers are as bad as thieves.  
Reader, we now make an exception,  
For *some* subscribe without deception ;  
The muse asserts it—and declares,  
That *many of them* he reveres.  
His satire only flies at those,  
Whose names Quiz cannot now dislose ;  
But well known dispositions tell,  
Our readers what we dare not spell ;  
Perhaps the Colonel, or the Major,  
That won from QUI HI many a wager,  
Now trusting chances to futurity,  
Became at *once* QUI HI's security ;

\* Our Asiatic readers know this to be a fact.



An officer could not do less,  
To a companion in distress.  
No, reader, no!—if you suppose,  
The youth was sav'd by one of those,  
When by his faithless friends forsaken,  
You're most egregiously mistaken;  
For had his life and liberty,  
Rested on such duplicity,  
He could not on *such things* prevail,  
To save him rotting in a jail.  
Reader, QUI HI amidst this crew,  
Found *friendship* in an old Hindoo,  
Who could not boast of Christian knowledge,  
(Alas! he ne'er had been at college!)  
But heav'n had written in his mind,  
A disposition pure and kind;  
The act to which we here allude,  
The Hindoo said was, gratitude:  
The reason that the Gentoo gave,  
The reader scarcely will believe.—  
Some years before, 'twas QUI HI's lot,  
To serve this man, tho' now forgot,  
Until the grateful Indian brought,  
To QUI HI's mind the happy thought,  
That at a *fire* his life he brav'd,  
And had a Hindoo's daughter sav'd.  
*This anecdote, related here,*  
• Will not irrelevant appear;



Therefore, the readers will not rail,  
If Quiz recites at length the tale.—  
No fable—take the author's word!  
This old adventure will afford;  
But, as we can't with readers quarrel,  
We *will admit* that there's a *moral*;  
Then take it, reader, and declare,  
That Quiz *correctly* acted there.—

Some months before *fortune de guerre*,  
Made QUI HI to his corps repair.  
One night it chanc'd some lucky star,  
Directed him to a *Bazar*,\*  
Where spreading flames on ev'ry side,  
All human pow'r at once defy'd;  
The natives, struck with horror, gaz'd,  
Upon their dwellings as they blaz'd;  
While some, with *stupid resignation*,  
*Prais'd Brama* for the conflagration;  
For *simple Hindoos* seem aware,  
Of Brama's most peculiar care,  
And think it impiously rude,  
Their puny efforts to intrude,  
When of their gods the awful sire,  
Is pleas'd to visit them with fire,

\* The bazar is the market-place in all Indian towns. Most of the native merchants have their houses there; and the combustible materials that form these buildings often occasion fire.



And think it sacrilege to throw,  
A drop of water on the foe;  
So every human passion spurning,  
They careless see their children burning!  
Not so QUI HI,—a scene so strange,  
Could not his gen'rous bosom change;  
Surprize had for a moment seiz'd,  
The anxious eyes which he had rais'd,  
Upon a pile, inclos'd in flame,  
From whence he heard a female scream;  
Struck with the sound, he never waited,  
To be by any one intreated,  
Rush'd from the croud, and with a smile,  
Dash'd headlong on the burning pile;  
Where stood a lovely Hindoo maid,  
That look'd with anxious hopes for aid,  
In tears amidst the dreadful flame,  
She call'd upon great Brama's name;  
*Sans ceremonie*, QUI HI caught her,  
And safely through the ruins brought her;  
Restor'd her to a parent's arms,  
In all the glow of native charms.

Here Quiz's pen cannot disclose,  
The exclamations that arose,  
When QUI HI every danger brav'd,  
And thus the Hindoc's daughter sav'd;  
Nor will the muse attempt to tell  
What feelings in a bosom dwell,



That conscious it has done its duty,  
Receives the thanks of kneeling beauty.

'Twas thus our hero, at whose feet,  
The female, prostrate in the street,  
Offer'd her grateful fervent prayers,  
Her beauteous eyes suffus'd in tears.

What feelings, reader, can compare,  
With what QUI HI experienc'd here;  
Enough; his mind can feel it best,  
That is with genuine honor blest;

To *others* Quiz will not appeal,  
They cannot such a transport feel.

The father, lately in distraction,  
Expresses thus his satisfaction,

(For superstition, we can prove,  
Is conquer'd by paternal love)—

“ Ah, master! you may well expect

“ That Heav'n will always you protect;

“ For too much trouble master take,

“ All for poor *chola chokree's*\* sake.

“ Some God make master come to-night,

“ To make poor old man's heart *so light*.

“ I master's slave, and *chokree* too:

“ Speak, master! what we do for you?”

And then he bow'd with look so meek,

While tears bedew'd his furrow'd cheek.

\* *Chola chokree*—little girl.



But 'twas too much. Our hero bow'd,  
And left the grateful Hindoo crowd.  
Some weeks elaps'd; indeed, the scene  
To QUI HI had forgotten been;  
When, sitting pensive in his room,  
His mind absorb'd in Indian gloom,  
Hopeless of ever seeing more  
His family, or native shore,  
A sudden knocking at the door  
His scatter'd thoughts could just restore.

• A servant tells him, some Hindoo

• Begs for a moment's interview.

“Admit him,” was *Qui Hi's* reply;

• And, lo! a Bramin meets his eye.

• “Master Salaam, I make too free;

“Before time come, not master see;

“Master not recollect old man;

“I come make service, if I can:”

Adding (and then the Hindoo smil'd),

“Master not know—he save my child!”

This brought to his bewilder'd mind

The circumstances, all combin'd:

He recogniz'd a countenance

• Endow'd with ev'ry mark of sense;

If gratitude and joy sincere,

In strongest lines, wère pencill'd there.

QUI HI, with candour, now intreated

His old acquaintance to be seated;



Not like those domineering Neros—  
Those petty Asiatic heroes—  
Who think a native, plac'd beside  
Their sacred chair, would hurt their pride,  
Their consequence thus to secure,  
They make them sit upon the floor.  
Our youth, indeed, was better taught  
Than most young Ensigns *lately caught*,  
And knew that youth should always shew  
That deference to age they owe.  
QUI HI, with pleasure, paid attention  
To ev'ry thing his friend did mention.  
In broken English, he disclos'd  
What anecdotes his life compos'd;  
What persecution he had met  
From L——half's unworthy set;  
And how the Burra Sahib could see  
Him plunder'd of his property:  
Of all the pests that India curst,  
The present Burra Sahib's the worst.  
“Do, master!” simply ask'd the man;  
“Tell me, please master, if you can,  
“Who is this Burra Sahib, that here,  
“In regal state, does now appear,  
“Treads on the hapless natives' necks,  
“And horror thro' Indostan strikes?”



He ask'd if, in *Ballata's*\* land,  
 The Burra Sahib had held command;  
 And if the rumour was a lie,  
 That said the Sahib was a spy  
 To some *Great Rajah*, and made strife  
 Between the Rajah and his wife;  
 And whether public execration  
 Compell'd the man to quit the nation?  
 QUI HI endeavour'd to find out,  
 Who the Hindoo inquir'd about;  
 For Burra Sahibs are here so many,  
 He could not singly point out any:  
 'Twas plain, however, he alluded  
 To some one recently intruded.  
 Our hero laugh'd to hear the man  
 The *merits* of the gentry scan†;  
 And candidly inform'd his friend,  
 That few of them he could commend;  
 That, in *Ballata*, it was true,  
*Accidents* brought some rogues to view;  
 That there the equal laws afford  
 Right to a *cobler*‡ and a Lord;

\* *Ballata*, Hindostanee for *England*, or the United Kingdom.

† The Hindoos sometimes make apposite and very just observations on the resident colonists: they consider the british part of the population as nearly uncivilised.

‡ Of all trades, and descriptions of men, in the



And if a knavish Peer they meet,  
The mob would hoot him thro' the street.  
There should a Burra Sahib act badly,  
Or, otherwise, for rhyme sake, madly ;  
Such as behaving so uncommon,  
As spy about a helpless woman ;  
Or tamper with a servant-maid,  
And try to *bribe* the lying jade ;  
Or strive to torture ev'ry action  
Of virtue to the views of faction ;  
Or should conspire against the life  
Of shoemaker's or Rajah's wife ;  
Or if he impudently said  
Untruths of people that were dead ;  
Then the *Ballata* people would  
Exterminate him, if they could.  
If such a Burra Sahib had friends,  
Their interest might make amends  
To injur'd justice, and the nation  
Transport him to some foreign station.  
And then QUI HI explain'd the matter ;  
Describ'd a place beyond the water ;  
And which, unless our mem'ry fails,  
Is designated—New South Wales,

East-Indies, the unfortunate shoemaker is the most degraded. It is considered the worst degradation, to be touched, even, by a gentleman of the last.



Where pickpockets and mischief-planners

Are sent, to teach them better manners.

He ask'd if every one that steals

Is sent to visit New South Wales?

And was, indeed, surpris'd to hear

That only petty thieves are there;

That *great ones*, who steal reputation,

Are honour'd with a higher station;

For tho' their vices and their crimes

Compel their flight to foreign climes,

• They soon forget the circumstances

• That added to their low finances;

For culprits, in a *noble station*,

• Make fortunes by their transportation.

The Hindoo ask'd him, if such men

Would be permitted home again;

And if the length of time they past

Would e'er restore them to their cast?

QUI HI reply'd, "Ballata's laws

Had many very serious flaws;

And one of those was a permission,

For pukeles, without condition,

Soon as a certain time expired,

• To live in Ballata—retired:

But that the better people there,

Cannot believe such laws are fair.

As to *their cash*, QUI HI assur'd him,

• That *money* would their cast restore 'em;



Which information made his friend  
His arms and eyes to heav'n extend;  
Wond'ring that money could procure  
Rank to a culprit so impure.

QUI HI inform'd him, tho' the great  
Might with *such men* associate;  
Yet that the people we term good,  
And independent, never would;  
But always treat them with contempt,  
As men from honor quite exempt.

The Hindoo laugh'd with all his might,  
And swore, by Brama, it was right !  
And added, in a serious mood,  
“ Master, some Englishman not good ;”  
Meaning, no doubt, that Britain could,  
Produce more rogues than India would ;  
For, God knows, from the specimen  
We send—they can't our virtues ken ;  
Since the majority that sail  
For India, oft in honor fail ;  
The custom of our eastern *quality*,  
Teaches the Indians immorality ;  
With indignation they exclaim—  
“ Does every *Christian* do the same ?”  
And seem astonish'd when they find,  
An Englishman of *other kind*.  
“ Master,” exclaim'd his Indian friend,  
“ Poor old man's life must shortly end ;



“ But still, amidst my many woes,  
 “ For you my pray’rs to Brahma goes;  
 “ Master make favor ’ere I go;  
 “ I little debt to master owe;  
 “ Accept this pretty trifling thing,”  
 Then from his finger took a ring—  
 A diamond, which a *judge’s* eye,  
 With *justice* might enraptur’d ’spy.  
 Our hero thank’d the man, in terms,  
 That his ingenuousness confirms,  
 But with a frown that plainly said,  
 “ And is it thus that I am paid?  
 “ Put up your gem, I do not want it;  
 “ You say I serv’d you, and I grant it;  
 “ But know the payments always best,  
 “ Which th’ honest man feels *in his breast*.  
 “ Go, if you want a suit in court,  
 “ There, *with effect*, your diamonds sport;  
 “ I mean that lawyer’s building yonder,  
 “ You’ll find, Sirs, I——s or A——r;  
 “ And if the diamond they *refuse*,\*  
 “ Then Quiz their virtues much abuse:

\* Diamonds and *pearls* are extremely acceptable to some well-known characters between the tropics. An anecdote, and a true one, could be here related, of a certain learned lawyer’s *amiable* lady taking a fancy to a splendid pearl necklace; and rumour said, her lord and master, during a *curtain lecture*, admitted her to accept it, though he could not!!!



“ But as for me, went on QUI HI ?

“ Upon my soul, I’d rather die,

“ Than be compar’d to any tribe,

“ Of Judges who accept a *bribe*.”

The Hindoo now with grief repented,

That he the diamond had presented ;

And wondered that an English boy,

Would thus refuse the proffer’d toy ;

A *Burra Sahib* would seize the prize,

And think it of enormous size ;

He hop’d that master’s much good sense,

Would not at old man take offence ;

And then retir’d, with heart-felt sorrow,

That Quiz\* would neither take *nor borrow*.

Some years, and *some adventures*, had

Pass’d rapidly since last the lad

Had seen the Hindoo, who departed

Grateful, but nearly broken hearted.

Like most unthoughtful youths we find,

This friend eras’d from out his mind.

To give his confidence to those,

Who subsequently turn’d his foes ;

The reader’s goodness will excuse,

The long digression that we use.

’Twas necessary to declare,

An anecdote of QUI HI there ;

\* This, certainly, must be a mistake. Should it not be *Qui Hi* ?



And, let the reader recollect,  
 That such a thing he must expect,  
 As Quiz's pen's characteristic,  
 His story must be Hudibrastic,  
 The reader then, of course, must take it,  
 Just as it is, or else forsake it.

QUI HI, oppress'd with various ills,  
 Boluses, blisters, salts, and pills,  
 Exclusive of the dreadful thought,  
 Of being by some lawyer\* caught;  
 Threat'ned, insulted, and almost,  
 Meeting the jail when on the coast;  
 His trials were indeed too bad—  
 Enough to make a *stoic mad*.

Quiz, he believes (before) has stated,  
 The dreadful fate QUI HI awaited;  
 While knave and despicable dun  
 To petty-fogging lawyers run,  
 Bribing the rascals to engage,  
 To shut our hero in the cage;  
 Or else, from which poor QUI HI shrunk,  
 To put him safely in the trunk,†

\* Of all curses that the munificent and parental consideration of England conferred on India, nothing can certainly be worse than the execrable tribe of attorneys; perhaps, with one or two exceptions.

† Our readers are assured, that *trunk* is, literally, the Indian term for a jail: and though Quiz has made some allusions to pettyfogging lawyers, he only means



Surrounded by these dunning devils,  
 Of ev'ry ill the worst of evils.  
 Our young adventurer, despairing,  
 Of hope, began most impious swearing;—  
 For customs *a-la-militaire*,  
 Can cause e'en *pious subs.* to swear.  
 He very fervently entreated  
 That petty-foggers might be fated,  
 To live on ensign's shabby pay,  
 And meet with *fierce duns ev'ry day*;  
 That his ungrateful friends might all,  
 Under the self-same curses fall,  
 As each of these *good fellows* aught  
 To suffer under Jaggernaut;  
 And, to confirm the dreadful evil,  
 He wish'd all rascals at *the devil*;  
*Quiz knows* that often *brother subs.*,  
 Have met thro' life some serious *rubs*;  
 But these were trifling things to those,  
 That QUI HI'S miseries compose.—  
 Now a vile fellow with a writ  
 Arrives, our hero to commit  
 To goal, unless he pays the fee,  
 And gets at once security.  
 All hopes had vanish'd, for QUI HI  
 Might just as well attempt to fly,

those unprincipled fellows who disgrace the profession: to the honour of many he bears testimony.



As think these ruffians to escape—  
These vultures in a human shape!  
Nothing was left him but to wait  
With fortitude, and meet his fate;  
But some good angel seem'd to send  
For QUI HI's faithful Indian friend;  
And when the worst our hero fears,  
The old Hindoo again appears,  
And gives security for all  
Of QUI HI's debts, both great and small.

The youth, now rescu'd from such danger,  
Sincerely thank'd the friendly stranger,  
Who walk'd with QUI HI to the shore,  
Then parted, ne'er to see him more!

Before QUI HI had got on board,  
The country Captain had unmoor'd.  
The dread of being left behind,  
Tormented now our hero's mind;  
Nor was his bosom-peace restor'd,  
Till he had safely got on board.  
The country Captain we allude to,  
Acted as country Captain's would do,  
That is to say—*videlicet*,  
That they're a cheating roguish set.  
The sum requir'd for QUI HI's messing,  
Render'd his finances distressing;



This fellow would not take his word—  
 He paid him 'ere he came on board;  
 Nor did he hesitate to see,  
 Poor QUI HI pay his last rupee.  
 This Captain was a sneaking elf,  
 That thought of no one but himself.—  
 A drawling Paritamic drone,  
 That from obscurity had flown,  
 And fain would make the world suppose,  
 He had by honesty arose  
 To riches—for few years had past,  
 Since he had been before the mast;  
 But having married a chee chee,\*  
 A merchant's *cast off chere amie*;  
 He gain'd a fortune and a wife,  
 With whom he liv'd in endless strife.  
 Jealousy's green-ey'd melancholy  
 Convinc'd him that the match was folly;  
 For scarce three months had seal'd their vows,  
 Until his wife adorn'd his brows.  
 The happy rival was a figure  
 That boasted neither grace nor vigour;  
 But if the reader is inclin'd  
 His full description now to find,

\* Chee chee is the general designation the half-cast *ladies* receive in India: they are generally valued at the quantum of rupees they are disposable for.



He is referr'd to Canto first—

*Falstaff's* description there is just.

This country Captain, too, we hear,

Would at the Burra Sahib's appear,

Dubb'd a *free mason* and a brother,

For one, of course, implies the other;

And, it is generally hinted,

The Burra Sahib was complimented,

By their declaring they were ready

To make a mason of his Lady \*;

And that her Ladyship's reply

Assur'd the craft she would comply.

The present voyage to Madras,

Under direction of this ass,

Could not have given QUI HI comfort:

The ship was worse than any transport;

And as to what he term'd *his stock*—

A sheep, two pigs, and one poor cock,

With sundry hens, and an old sow;

But minus both a goat and cow.

Some claret, which th' effects of thunder †

Did most unpalatable render,

\* Reader, this is no joke: the Indian craft really acted thus!!!—Quiz.

† The *poor* thunder gets credit for all the sour wine in India; though Quiz is perfectly aware, that the accusation is most unjust.



Was QUI HI's beverage each day;  
With musty bread, and milkless tea.  
Thus circumstanc'd was poor QUI HI,  
When land a sailor chanc'd to spy;  
And our adventurer, light-hearted,  
Next day, with all his *kit*, departed;  
Call'd at head-quarters, to report,  
That he had not arriv'd for sport;  
For such precautions, practis'd here,  
Would indispensable appear;  
As certain youths, when they have leisure,  
Neglect their duty for their pleasure  
Some months had rapidly pass'd over—  
The Doctor said he might recover,  
And seem'd inclin'd to gratify  
The sanguine hopes of POOR QUI HI;  
Who, in retirement, must contrive  
Pleasure from reading to derive;  
And, amidst Indian literature,  
Found *modern* pictures drawn to nature.  
He found out certain anecdotes,  
Which Quiz, without permission, quotes,  
About a certain Knight, he'll warrant,  
As *mad* as Quixotte, and as *errant*;  
Of some extraor'nary adventures,  
Memorials, orders, and indentures;



Letters, courts-martial, and the rest;

Besides the celebrated *test*.

But Quiz must try, if he be able,

To shew the reader it's a fable.

END OF CANTO V.



## CANTO VI.

## ARGUMENT.

The Author has, without apology,  
 Said something of Hindoo mythology :  
 The Fable (a correct *translation*)  
 Is told, without exaggeration.  
 To men of *any common sense*  
 The subject *cannot* give offence ;  
 Of others, QUIZ must now declare,  
 The rage of *fools* he does not fear ;  
 For 'tis his maxim, and he'll swear it,  
 " If the cap fit them, let them wear it."  
 Some Indian colonists, no doubt,  
 Will find the allegory out ;  
 And, therefore, QUIZ informs his *friends*,  
 That truth with fiction now he blends ;  
 And *certain* readers, we believe,  
 Will readily the truth conceive.  
 Pray, is the story false or true ?  
 Reader, the question's left to you :  
 Decide and judge ; then, on your knees,  
*Thank* Heav'n, you met not *knaves* like these.  
 A peep at councils, and at courts,  
 Where imbecility resorts ;  
 From low-born consequential Sirs,  
 That change from *mud* to 'G——s,  
 Forget their origin, and stride  
 O'er GENTLEMEN, with vulgar pride ;



The consequences that result  
 From treating honour with insult;  
 An anecdote, that here convinces  
 The reader (if he has his senses),  
 That, in Hindostan, we can see  
 Upstarts behave with tyranny;  
 For native Chieftains, prone to awe  
 Their vassals, make their word their law;  
 Marattas, even, still support  
 The feudal terrors of their court;  
 And Tippoo Saib, and Hyder Ally,  
 (Who often made the *British* rally)  
 Thought nothing of decapitation,  
 To terrify a *slavish* nation:  
 Noses, and ears, and legs, and feet,  
 Were daily cut off in the street;  
 While many, without nose or leg,  
 Were left to perish, or to beg!  
 If this, in Asia, is *the fashion*,  
 How can the reader *have compassion*  
 On wretches who abuse their pow'r,  
 And act the despot ev'ry hour,  
 Should Heav'n hurl thunder on their head,  
 And strike each *paltry tyrant* dead?  
 The subject, and the reader's thoughts,  
 Are chang'd to t'other side the Ghauts\*.

THE FABLE.

\* \* \* \* \*

“SOME *crores* † of ages since, 'tis said,

“This globe was by great Brahma made;

\* The immense chain of mountains that divide Malabar from Coromandel.—QUIZ.

† A crore of ages is 100,000 lacs—each lac 100,000 ages—each age 100 years.



“ And, ’tis believ’d, that Brama then,  
“ Supply’d the desert world with men,  
“ *And women also*, which the *Shaster*,  
“ Says first *occasion’d* man’s *disaster* ;  
“ To diff’rent quarters he convey’d,  
“ The beings that he thus had made ;  
“ Of different shapes he form’d the creatures,  
“ As different in their minds as features ;  
“ To *Hindoos* Brama gave the choice,  
“ Of occupying paradise ;  
“ To them dominion then was giv’n,  
“ And promises of *future heav’n*.  
“ Thus his elected people reigns,  
“ The sovereigns of Hindostan’s plains.  
“ To *western* country’s he translated,  
“ The *vicious* tribes he had created ;  
“ The *Shaster* says, and it is right,  
“ Those people were created *white* ;  
“ *Hutcher beid’s* \* sacred pages tell,  
“ That infidels to *westward* dwell,  
“ Who live by rapine, war, and plunder,  
“ And burst all legal bonds assunder.  
“ One of those islands to the west,  
“ More desolate than all the rest,  
“ Contain’d a hardy, restless race,  
“ That roam’d about from place to place ;

\* *Hutcher Beid*—the principal part of the *Shaster*,  
or *Hindoo Scripture*.



Master what for make bottery with black fellow? His not proper custom - plenty too much rogue Man come from Europe. cheat all poor people. get all Respect then go to England. poor poor men work hard. pay plenty money for company. what for Master not satisfied? what for make rogue fellow of poor people? all good Men go heaven all bad man go to the devil. What more Master want?

There is no god but god and Mahomet is his prophete - Sahib bot Salaam.

Master take all country all money - every thing master take - Now take away poor Hindoos religion that not good fashion Master.

Gentlemen I have been so very busy these last twenty years, that I have been prevented seeing you. Having settled my affairs at home. And having a little time on my hands I have put on my Sunday cloths to pay you a visit. I am much obliged to you for the few Acres of land you gave me, and the rufes you sent. And in return I have brought you a present as I understand you are no better than Savages.

A-chill ou Banchul-ky whastla  
trom ne go any faster-Eoom junta,  
Sub Padree Dewana hi; bot rupees  
cherry merry dinga



JOHN BULL CONVERTING THE INDIANS.



“ Built ships, and stealing Brama's thunder,  
 “ Kept all the neighb'ring Rajahs under.  
 “ The terror of those people ran,  
 “ Thro' ev'ry part of *Fringeestan*.  
 “ Those *coffres*\* had, by some strange chance,  
 “ Flogg'd Spain, America, and France.  
 “ The *former* and the latter *near them*;  
 “ The other, *distant*, forc'd to fear them;  
 “ And 'tis asserted *afterward*,  
 “ To them protection they afford,”—  
 Which clearly shews that thieves must know,  
 What duty to mankind they owe;  
 But circumstances prove that law,  
 Cannot keep modern rogues in awe;  
 And in society we find  
 Most people selfishly inclin'd.  
 For this digression we may thank,  
 QUI HI's being puzzled with a *blank*,  
 Found in the fragment, and the lad,  
 Search'd till it nearly drove him mad,  
 To catch the story as it ran,  
 Correctly about *Fringeestan*.†  
 Some anecdotes the fragment wants,  
 Eat out by time, or the white ‡ ants;

\* All Europeans are termed *coffres*, or unbelievers.

† The people of India, to this day, give this appellation to *Europe*; from *Fringees*, or *Franks*.

‡ The white ants are certainly very mischievous



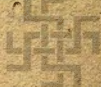
- “Famine and pestilence attend,  
“The footsteps of each *foreign friend*;  
“Whole cities raz’d, our *Rajahs* fated,  
“To be with *low-born* insult treated;  
“The sacred Veda’s spurn’d by those,  
“Who well we knew were Brahma’s foes;  
“The sacred Ban’yans holy shade,  
“Those infidels have dar’d invade!  
“While priests and priestesses were driven  
“To seek from an indignant heaven  
“Revenge, for *those oppressors* wrongs;  
“And this redress to heaven belongs.  
“One time a chief among these savages,  
“After committing dreadful ravages,  
“Was, by an order from his nation,  
“Promoted to a *higher* station,  
“To make himself at home appear  
“Careless of that *old Sugbear*, Fear,  
“He wish’d to get himself a name,  
“For he had often tried for fame,  
“And always fail’d; for by no rule  
“Can fame attach to any fool.  
“The country that produc’d this man,  
“Form’d part of *ancient Frengeestan*,  
“Famous for soldiers brave as gallant,  
“For whisky, physic, *cakes*, and talent.  
“No military man was he,  
“A *quill-driver* he chanc’d to be.



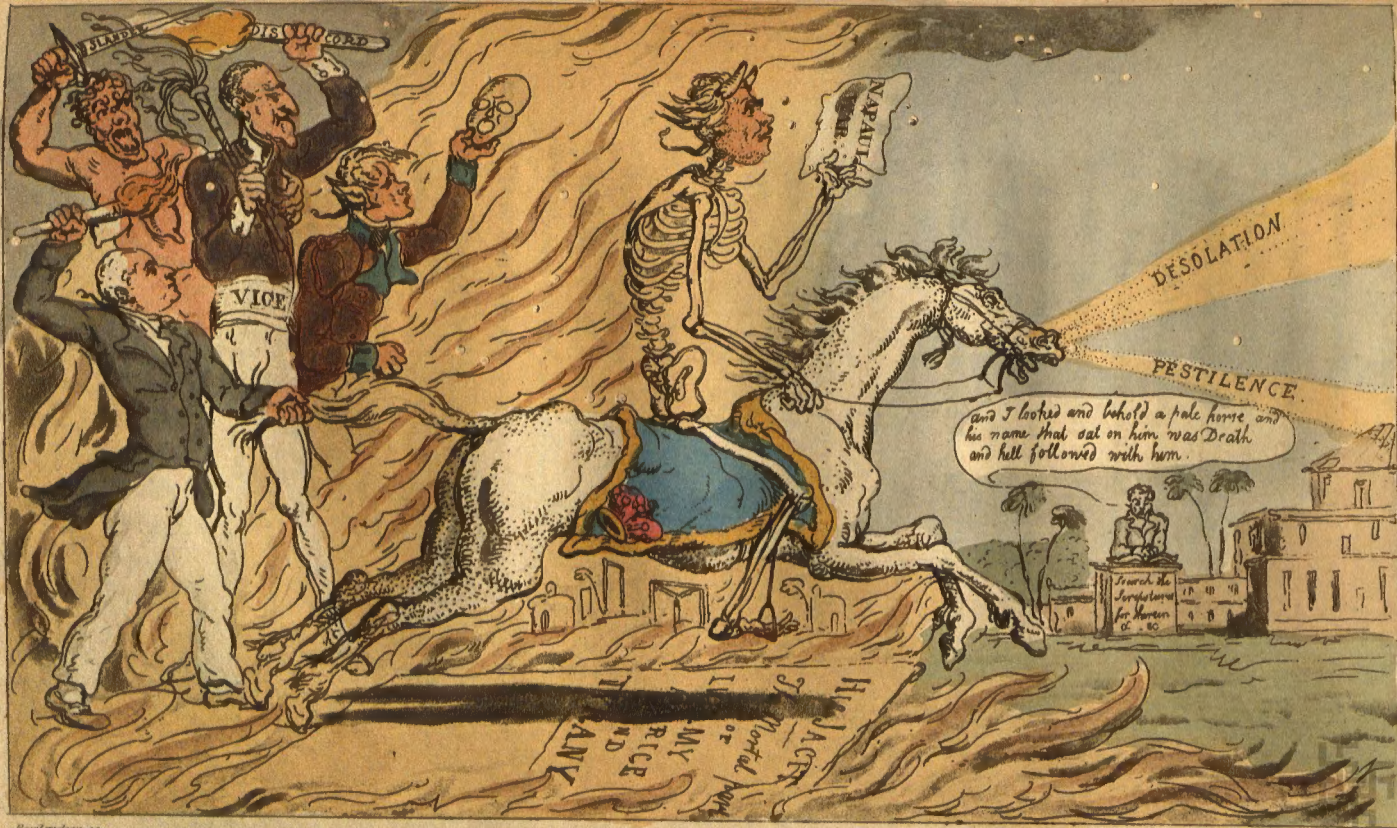
Some words he found, but quite disjointed,  
 At which the youth was disappointed—  
 “ War”—“ Peculation”—“ Magnanimity—  
 “ Religion”—“ Physic”—“ Law”—“ Divinity”  
 “ The Army”—“ Tyranny”—“ Oppressions”—  
 And many other *such expressions*  
 He found ;—but never could expect  
 Their meaning *clearly* to connect ;  
 The Fable then means to describe,  
 The conquests of this curious tribe :—  
 “ \* \* \* \* \* they went,  
 “ To visit ev’ry continent ;  
 “ And certain merchants avaricious,  
 “ And most confoundedly ambitious ;  
 “ Not quite contented with the *spot*,  
 “ That Brahma had ordain’d their lot ;  
 “ Tir’d of an honest *Banian*\* trade,  
 “ Chose *other* countries to invade ;  
 “ And to effect this bad intent,  
 “ Procur’d an act of P——t.  
 “ This done, the only thing remain’d,  
 “ Was some *grand* motto to be gain’d,

insects ; but, in the East, they are most unmercifully calumniated. Will the reader believe, that they have been accused of *eating* into an *iron chest*, and devouring some lacs of rupees, and immense quantities of gold mohurs?—Quiz.

\* A banian is a very *decent* kind of merchant, that travels about in India, and sells cloths, &c.







MORE INCANTATIONS OR A JOURNEY TO THE INTERIOR.



- " The legislators in a trice,  
 " Declar'd their motto should be VICE.  
 " They wear the motto, and e'en now,  
 " Their arms, their practices avow.  
 " Those white adventurers, they say,  
 " To foreign countries sail'd away,  
 " And Brahma, angry with us here,  
 " To India made the coffres steer ;  
 " Brought them secure to Gange's stream,  
 " And gave possession of the same ;  
 " Since then, and many years have gone,  
 " They reign triumphant here alone ;  
 " Some *good*\* they certainly afford us,  
 " For *independence* is restor'd us !!!  
 " Their *happy* laws have here extended,  
 " And rich and poor *alike* befriended.  
 " Some of their chiefs, 'tis true, act wrong,  
 " (To them authority belong ;)   
 " We to their individual crimes,  
 " Impute the prësent iron times ;  
 " Bad men cannot be-calculated  
 " To be with sov'reign pow'r *inflated* ;  
 " Under the hand of noxious power,  
 " Locusts each day our crops devour ;

\* QUI HI must have made a mistake in the translation ; if not, the *Hindoo* author, perhaps, intended to make use of a *figure in rhetoric*, which we call *irony*.—QUIZ.





- " Those characters in India rise  
 " So rapidly, they oft' surprize  
 " The public, who, with honest spirit,  
 " Declare the men devoid of merit;  
 " While int'rest, av'rice, and cupidity,  
 " Go hand in hand with their stupidity.  
 " Such was the man, and such his claim,  
 " For honorable rank and fame;  
 " So all his services requited—  
 " Conceive the chieftain *has* been *knighted*; \*  
 " A mark of honor in the West,  
 " (With which the Rajah can invest  
 " Those whom he may conceive his friends,  
 " For *sinister*, or public ends.)  
 " This cringing creature of the great,  
 " Now elevated to such state,  
 " Look'd with contempt on those who dare  
 " Doubt his abilities in *war*;  
 " And threatened ev'ry mother's soul,  
 " That dare his savage will control,  
 " Tho' every drummer (*with civility*,)  
 " Might certify his *inability*,  
 " And well the vet'rans might deride,  
 " The efforts of such upstart pride !

\* " I could be knighted. What! thou liest. Sir Alice Ford, these knights will *hack*; and so thou shouldst alter the article of thy gentry."—SHAKE-SPEARE.

